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R32

Rev. W. A. Sunday Meetings at Spring-
field, Illinois. Souvenir. (1909)

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Rev. W. A. Sunday Meetings

at Springfield, Illinois

Souvenir

March - April

1909

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

The purpose of this book is to help broaden and continue the influence of this great campaign for God, home and mankind, and furnish a suitable reminder and permanent record for every hearer, worker and convert.

It has the sanction of the Rev. W. A. Sunday and the endorsement of the Springfield Ministerial Association.

By agreement a specified portion of the sales of this book will be donated to the Ministerial Association for the benefit of the proposed Y.W.C.A. of Springfield.

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Rev. William Ashley Sunday

"The Greatest Evangelist since Martin Luther"

—Harry Monroe

Rev. W. A. Sunday



WILLIAM ASHLEY SUNDAY is the best beloved and the most abused, the simplest and the most misunderstood, the most soulful and the most like a vaudeville performer, the most powerful in oratory and the least appealing to the emotions, the most persuasive and the most controversial, the most scholarly and the plainest, not to say coarsest, the greatest poet in essence and the greatest scrapper, of any man on the forum, the platform, or the stage of the world today.

He has been styled the polygonal preacher, because he has so many sides, each a complete, finished, forceful fact. A character picture of the man, to be complete, must be a description of each of these baker's dozen sides of his personality, none of which is much more important than any other one. The most that can be done within a small space—or indeed within any limitation of space—is to sketch in broad lines the mere outlines of this evangelist who is preaching the gospel of peace on earth and fighting the devil with the hottest of fire at the same time.

His father was killed in the civil war. The little boy was sent to the Iowa home for soldiers' orphans. Later he made his own living at a youthful age, and his school teacher of that time says she would often watch him on the playground and wonder whether he would be the greatest crook or the greatest power for good in America—she was even then sure he would be one of the two. The boy took the right hand road.

When a young man he was a locomotive fireman on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad and lived at Marshalltown. This was also the home of the famous A. C. Anson, captain of the old Chicagos, who watched Billy Sunday play baseball on corner lots while at home in Marshalltown. Anson took him to Chicago, discovered in him a great baseball player, and Sunday held the record for base running for years, a record which he still holds; was the second man chosen on the All-American team to tour the world—an accident to his knee kept him from making the tour—and was a popular idol of the fans.

An old time catcher for the Louisville team says that in those days when en route the rest of the men would play poker in the Pullman, but Billy Sunday was always back on the cushions with a book. He has kept close to books ever since. He has a remarkable faculty of choosing the very best and most authoritative writing on any particular subject and reading that only—and hence the range of subjects upon which he is thoroughly and accurately informed, includes almost everything from histology to astronomy and from bacteriology to history—it is a little interesting to notice that chemistry is the one topic unmentioned in his sermons. Three medical college professors who met at the end of his sermon which includes a half hour of the deepest microscopical pathology, agreed that William A. Sunday is the only layman they ever heard or read who was accurate in all he said about medical science.

One night a bunch of baseball players strolling along a Chicago street ran into a curbstone evangelist and stopped to be amused. Sunday stayed after the others went on. He went from there to the Pacific Garden mission, where he was converted. He kept on playing baseball, and nobody who ever heard it will ever forget his own description of how the others of that famous Chicago team approved his home run into Christianity.

A little later he was employed by the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association at a small salary, only part of it paid during the panic of 1893, and refusing offers of \$500 a month to return to the diamond. As a part of his work, he addressed groups of men—he always did know men, because of his early life and hard struggles. The addresses became longer and stronger with the growth of the work and experience in it. That great evangelist, Wilbur F. Chapman, took Sunday away from the Chicago Y.M.C.A. to be his assistant. Sunday learned the art of evangelizing and after learning it thoroughly treated it as Napoleon treated the art of war—he re-made it for himself, so that its old practitioners hardly recognize it, and at the same time made it produce victories hitherto undreamed of. The William A. Sunday methods of campaigning for Christ are unlike any others; they include the best of those of the past and many things unique; probably only Sunday could use them successfully in all their details; but it seems certain that they have factors not found in most others which really are the corner stones of successful work in evangelism. Some of the chief parts of the art of evangelism, as practiced by William A. Sunday, are these:

Absolute accuracy in every statement made, whether one of the essential parts of the argument, or merely an illustration; hew close to the line that Jesus Christ laid down, regardless of the falling chips, and wherever that line leads; use language that everybody can understand, never talk down to an audience, but be lucid to the most ignorant while you are talking up to the most scholarly persons before you; avoid sectarianism; demand united work from all the evangelical churches in the city, and push united work by all the members of those churches; roast the skin off vice and sin in all its forms, from backsliding and carelessness to murder and adultery, rub salt into the burnt flesh, and then apply a healing balm that causes the object of the criticism to leave the tabernacle chastened in spirit, but loving the rod that smote him; avoid all fads and fancies, all tangential movements of society, but do a common thing in a most unusual way; and—many others.

Starting with small towns and a few hundred converts at each series of meetings, the same plan of campaign has been used for all the years involving campaigns in cities of all sizes, and the first meetings years ago were, so far as Mr. Sunday is concerned, almost exactly like the meetings in Springfield. Of course, some minor modifications have been made, but these are few. Always there are the first sermons to get the church members back out of the world into the influence of Christ and to get the public to come to the tabernacle—the public seems to find its greatest attraction in hearing church-member hypocrites and Pharisees skinned like eels. Always the strenuousness of the sermons almost imperceptibly lessens gradually until the preacher who preaches as man never preached before is less athletic and more rhetorical about the middle of the series. Then, to the amazement of people who judged the man from his first pulpit stunts, the Reverend William Ashley Sunday preaches like the great orator that he is, the scholar that he is, the poet-philosopher that he is. This many sided man cannot be even sketched within a hundred pages. There is competent authority for saying of him these superlatives as being strictly true:

He understands the minds and feelings of men as few men ever have done.

He is one of the greatest orators the world has ever seen—and this is proved by the results of his work.

He is one of the most remarkable stylists in literature, his perfect imitation in one hour of the styles of Carlyle, Gibbon, Ingersoll, and several other writers of individual styles being an unprecedented feat.

He is said by scientists to be the most—and indeed the only—perfectly accurate preacher in matters of science. And a large part of his sermons deal with science.

He appeals entirely to the reason of the people, and rarely or never to their emotions, and in this he is the greatest of evangelists in the opinion of many people.

In numbers of converts, dramatic height of scenes, and wonderful stirring of the audience, several of his meetings have eclipsed anything in the history of evangelism since pentecost—and the most of these have been meetings for men.

Mrs. W. A. Sunday



THE biographer who omits to study the wife of his subject certainly will miss the key to his problem of investigation. The world talks of the influence of the mothers upon its men; but it, curiously enough, generally omits appreciation of the strong influence of the wife upon any man; and perhaps more men have been made and unmade by their wives than by their mothers, when heredity is omitted from the matter.

Mrs. William A. Sunday was a girl of great strength of character when she was Miss Helen A. Thompson, the daughter of a Chicago business man. She married a famous baseball player and found herself the wife of one of the greatest of evangelists—and she not only made the revolutionary change with him but is one of the chief causes of William A. Sunday being what he is in the eyes of the world. She was a church worker, a shining exception to the rule of the results of marrying a man to make him better. She upheld the hands of her husband when he was in poverty and the poorly paid worker of the Chicago Y.M.C.A., writing letters

declining, for seven times his salary, to return to the baseball field. When William A. Sunday was starting out as an evangelist along entirely new lines of endeavor which merged into

entirely unprecedented lines of achievement, his wife helped greatly to keep up his courage, keep him along the line he had chosen, and keep him as much as possible free from worries.

Mrs. Sunday correlates her husband perfectly—they are not at all similar, and she is strongest where he is weakest and weakest where he is strongest. If he had a helpmeet like himself, Mr. Sunday might be plunging into hot water every month and every year. Luckily for him, his wife guides him around and over most obstacles, keeps his fingers out of the fire, and does what Mr. Sunday never thinks of doing—look after his own interests.

The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Sunday was not the kind that one finds pictured in Paul and Virginia, by any manner of means; it is a twentieth century marriage of two distinct individuals joining as helpmeets without either submerging a personality in the other—certainly not the old kind of the entire submergence of the wife in the husband. They disagree about as many things as other people do—but each knows in what things the other is best informed or strongest, and the one best qualified always decides any question. The result of this is, that they are more free from actual, important disagreements of the kind called love spats or marital troubles than most people. This is a match of brains as well as of hearts, of sense as well as of souls, and of respect as well as of love.

Mrs. Sunday does what she can in public during a series of meetings by her husband. But the most important thing she does is to keep her husband able to do the great things he does in every city in which he works. She is a perfect wife for a very remarkable man.

Mrs. Fischer

WAS born in Kansas City, Mo., and spent a good share of her younger days near Burlington, Iowa. She attended high school and Central College in Des Moines, Iowa. Her father was a Welsh preacher and was appointed district missionary under the Baptist Missionary Society. Her mother was a Canadian, from the province of Ontario. She was married five years ago to Mr. Fred Fischer, and it is whispered by "those who know" that their married life is one continuous honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Fischer have their home in Chicago. Mrs. Fischer generally spends a week or two with her husband at each place where meetings are held, and then the vast audiences are given a genuine treat when she and her husband sing together.



Sunday Sayings

Any man who tries to make politics out of the whiskey question is too dirty and low down for me to look at.

I defy any one to show me anything the saloon has done that is commendable.



The Sunday Party on the Veranda
of the Peters' Residence, Springfield, Ill.
Mar. 12, 1898.

THE SUNDAY FAMILY AND PARTY ON THE VERANDA OF THE PETERS RESIDENCE

If I was a devil I would rather live in a good decent hog than in some of the men.

What I'm trying to do this afternoon is to get the hog that's in you out so you won't have to carry slop to it.

Frederick George Fischer

THE Rev. W. A. Sunday says that "Fred" Fischer (he always calls him by the pet name of "Fred") is the best chorus conductor in the world. The evangelist ought to know. He has been with all the great evangelists from Moody and Sankey to Torrey and Chapman, and is acquainted with the most successful chorus leaders and soloists in the work to-day. Mr. Sunday's high ideals of what the leader of gospel song in his meetings, at least, must approximate unto are attainable only by those who are born leaders of men. He is after results, and believes the gospel can be sung into people as well as preached into them.

He has been with Mr. Sunday nine years. That alone speaks volumes. He has qualities that wear well. He is first of all a Christian and always a gentleman. He has proved resourceful enough to stand the strain, the changes and the demands of the years. He knows what the people want and gives it to them.

When Mr. Fischer leaves a city all the choirs and congregations uniting in the meetings note the impulse of his splendid work. They want to sing. So a revival in congregational singing takes place. And every local chorus leader knows better how to conduct a chorus and what people like to sing or listen to.

Nature and art have done much for this remarkable man, but the grace of God has done more. And it is noticeable that he never allows his chorus or himself to sing for entertainment or simply to kill time. The motive which dominates Fred Fischer is responsible for the remarkable results, and stands the test of time. For no one is so cordially welcomed wherever he has been than Fischer.

Frederick George Fischer was born at Mendota, Ill., July 11, 1872. His mother, who was a sister of Peter Bilhorn, (of the well known Bilhorn Bros., publishers, Chicago) was burned to death when Fred was a year and a half old. When ten years of age the family moved to Laramie, Wyo. He entered the big moulding works in that city and became an expert mechanic in



the bolts and nuts department. At eighteen he was converted in the Baptist church at Laramie, and was awakened to his inheritance, a rare voice, and to his call to a wider service, the evangelistic field. Failing sight forced the diffident young man to mention his ambition to his uncle, Peter Bilhorn, who discovering his nephew possessed a voice worth cultivating, gave Fred every advantage for its cultivation, always with the object in view of using his voice to the glory of God.

After studying voice culture under such masters as F. W. Root, Frank Webster, and W. W. Hinshaw, in Chicago, Mr. Fischer started out on the strength of his Lord's commission "to sing the gospel to every creature."

In January, 1900, Mr. Fischer's chance came. He was ready in all but an adequate wardrobe. And those who have been accustomed to see the always immaculately dressed and groomed musical director since he has been with Mr. Sunday, have no idea of the struggle he had to look decent, nine years ago, when Sunday wired him to take charge at Bedford, Iowa. He split the only coat he had under the arms in his anxiety to make things go, and to show he could "deliver the goods" he knew Sunday wanted. He made good, and has kept on doing so ever since. Mr. Oliver and Fred Fischer are the only musical directors Mr. Sunday has had in his nearly seventeen years of public work.

What there is in his line Mr. Fischer knows by heart. His audiences will do what he asks them because he has a purpose in some of his strange requests. Everything Fischer does leads up to decision and service for Christ. And that is why when the invitation is given, and half his chorus will sometimes leave to work among the undecided, this modest, patient, and loyal gentleman sticks to his post, and the true reason why,—everybody loves Fred Fischer.

"A Chip Off the Old Block"

BILLY SUNDAY, JR., 7 years old, had been holding prayer meetings for boys at the Peters residence, and at some of these meetings as many as 250 boys have been present.

One of the most interesting was the one that "Billy, Jr.," called the boys together to pray with him for his kidnaped friend, young Whitla, of Sharon, Pa.

Kneeling in the sunlight in the glass porch at the Peters home, 257 boys joined in a prayer that Willie Whitla, the little Sharon, Pa., boy who was kidnaped last week, might be returned to his parents, unharmed. The prayer meeting was led by Billy Sunday, Jr.

"We were in Sharon more than a year ago," said Billy, "and I met Willie Whitla then. He was one of my best friends. You know that bad men kidnaped Willie last week and his father and his mother are heart-stricken over his absence. Let's pray that Willie is returned and that the men who took him may suffer a penalty."

Billy led in the prayer, himself, and in his own childish English fervently prayed for the burden of his heart.

The Sunday afternoon prayer meetings led by Billy Sunday, Jr., proved just as popular among the youngsters as the meetings conducted at the tabernacle by Billy's father. The first one had a crowd, but the second one they started early, swarmed to the Peters home like the women did at the armory and by actual count, there were 257 boys on hand when Billy announced the opening song. The size of the crowd took the little fellow

off his feet and he was forced to summon his sister, Miss Helen, and Miss Edith Anderson to assist him.

"The boys were jammed into the glass porch like sardines," said Miss Sunday after the meeting, "but considering the crowd, they behaved admirably. It was the largest prayer meeting brother ever conducted.

But the backwardness Billy felt when the meeting opened was soon forgotten.

"Come on, now, you kids and whoop 'er up," began the boy. "We're going to sing 'Christ is the Sunny Side,' and I will play Fischer. If you don't sing, I'll talk to you like I have heard him talk to some choirs. Let's go."

Billy's admonition was sufficient. The neighborhood rang with the volume of song from the youngsters. Their singing could be heard for a block and they put an enthusiasm into their worship which would shame their elders at the big building at First and Adams streets.

"That's pretty good," said the boy, "only it isn't enough. Now, I am going to divide you kids. You fellows there sing it." They did, only with more enthusiasm than they had before. "Fine," ejaculated Billy when the chorus had died away. But, I am sure this crowd on my left can do better than that. Let us see." Then the boys on the left sang it and for several moments, the two sections vied in making the most noise.

Then a new idea struck the leader. "You kids like to whistle, I know, because I do, and I get 'called' every day for whistling around the house. Now we will whistle the song, first one section and then the other. All ready!"

They whistled the song and then sung it again, first by sections, then all together. Following this, they joined in "The Fight Is On," and "Beautiful Land of God." Miss Anderson sang "Golden Bells" as a solo and the selection made a big hit with the boys.

Following the song service Billy spoke, shortly. "There's too many here and the time is too short for me to do much spouting," said the boy, "but I know a story I want to tell. I was reading the other day of a missionary who was in Africa working among the heathen. The missionary was giving them presents, and to one old woman he gave a mirror. She looked into it and when it revealed how homely and ugly she was, she broke it. That is the reason more of us do not read our Bible. It shows us how ugly and sinful we are and we don't like to hear of these things."

"Now, boys, the meeting is your's," said Billy. "Don't let the time hang on our hands, but let's get busy." The invitation was all that was needed and for nearly an hour the boys joined in a prayer service, the sincerity of which was evident to those who were older who attended. A testimony by one boy would be followed by a prayer. The little boys spoke in short sentences and told Jesus in their own way what they wanted. The meeting was one of the most inspiring of the entire campaign.

Sunday Sayings

Eighty per cent of poverty is due to drink.

Personal liberty! Personal liberty! Say! Has personal liberty gotten so low you have to smash into a stinking saloon to find men to stand up for it?

Majority rules in this country—it is the foundation of this country. The shipping of liquor into local option territory is a blow at majority rule.

Mrs. Rae Muirhead



MRS. MUIREAD, one of the most efficient assistants in the meetings, besides conducting the women's meetings in the campaign, and holding daily meetings in many places, Illinois Watch Factory, Bettie Stuart Institute, Plow Factory, laundries, Coat Factory, and more than a score of other places, has proved herself an Angel of Mercy and Hope, and helped lighten the burden of many a working girl and woman and won her way into their hearts.

This Christian woman has had a varied experience. She has worked in all walks of life, and because of these facts she is able to meet the working girl on a level, and help her to a better, purer, higher plane of living.

In the interest of young women, Mrs. Muirhead is a tireless worker, and every community that she visits cannot help but reap the fruits of her labors, and where there is no organization for the betterment of womanhood, she is foremost in promoting interest to this end.

In Spokane the Y. W. C. A. was started through her instrumentality and the efforts of this great cam-

paign there. They have raised nearly \$5,000 for this purpose, and we can truly say that the seed was sown and the project launched by her efforts.

Mrs. Muirhead is a remarkable woman in many respects. She is a fluent talker and by many is considered equally as interesting as Billy Sunday himself. She is intensely in earnest. She "got religion" after a hard struggle. Her life history is a thrilling one, filled with joy and sorrow, but perhaps much more of the latter. From a home of affluence, wealth and social position she married against her parents' wishes, her husband proving to be addicted to strong drink shortly after their marriage and she left him two months before the birth of her child. She determined to go back home after the baby was born but was met with "chilliness" on the part of the maid at the door and was not received with open arms by her mother. In telling her life story she says she was always of a most in-

dependent nature, inheriting this quality from her mother and when they met that day it was "six and six" and as the result she dramatically puts it "I turned and said: 'Mother, look at me. You will never see me again alive or dead,' and turning I went down the stone steps and out into the world. I had brains and two hands and determined to work for my child." Mrs. Muirhead went on to say that the little one died just at that interesting period when the child begins to toddle about and prattle. Bitter against God for his cruelty for robbing her of husband through sin and of the little child, she refused admittance to a minister and the little casket was lowered into the earth without a song or a prayer. Later she was converted. That was seven years ago. Mrs. Muirhead stated she had met temptation in every form and knows that a girl can earn her own living and go through this world without losing her virtue.

In reporting Mrs. Muirhead's speech Sunday afternoon the Springfield Journal said:

"Girls, listen to me. When your father or mother tells you not to do anything don't you do it. You may think you know it all, but you will find out to your woe that you do not.

"Whatever you do, never marry a man who has the slightest inclination to drink. If you do he will break your heart and you will lie awake nights as I have done and hunt for a dry spot on your pillow."

Then in a relentless fashion the speaker told how she had left college, a headstrong, brilliant girl, but against the wishes and entreaties of her parents had married the man of her choice. The misery of her married life, how the husband drank and was untrue to her was recited without a tremor. Even when she mentioned her baby's death, how she buried her little girl without a Bible or preacher, for the speaker declared she was an infidel at the time, even when this most trying point of her life was mentioned. Mrs. Muirhead did not waver, but went straight to the close.

She related how she had hardened her heart against God, cursed His name and had gone into the world not caring whether she lived or died. "It was then He found me," the woman spoke on with a new note in her voice, "when I was weary, heart-broken and going straight to hell. He spoke to me and when I heard the tender voice and looked into the compassionate face of my Christ I knew I had a Friend who cared.

"Do you know why He heard me after all my cursing of His dear name? It was because for seven long years a missionary prayed for me. Seven years she prayed and I grew to hate her. I left New York because I could not stand it. I would go into a theater, but would get no rest and did get no rest until I gave my heart to God."

Sunday Sayings

It doesn't pay for the young man, young woman, old man or old woman to juggle with his or her conscience.

There is a close relationship between morality and health.

You may evade the laws of the land for awhile, but it will catch you. So with the laws laid down by God.

Sunday Sayings

Exclude from the world all sin and I tell you, the decrease in the amount of sickness and affliction will dumbfound you.



THE CROWD LEAVING THE TABERNACLE AFTER AN AFTERNOON MEETING

Every sin has a physical consequence.

A man is a fool to defy God's will.

You say, "Look here, can't I dance with my own wife?" Dance with who? You old lobster, you would just as soon go out and husk corn all night with the lantern hanging on the endgate as dance with your own wife; it's some other fellow's wife you want to dance with.

Charles H. Butler

ONE of the most attractive features in the tabernacle services is the singing of Mr. Charles Butler. It seems to fit in at the right time and place. After the big chorus under Conductor Fischer has sung the great audience into sympathy with the revival spirit, the announcements disposed of, and decks cleared for the evangelist's message, "Charley" Butler springs on the platform, steps to the left of the pulpit; tall, erect, straight as an arrow, and perfectly still, his hands usually crossed behind him, the sheen of the electric light accentuating his attractive personality, and captures his audience before singing a note. It is all so simple and unaffected that you can't separate the singer from his song. And so well does this favorite soloist rest the audience and introduce the evangelist, that it all suggests the consummate art with which Mr. Sunday plans the winning of souls.

In the judgment of those competent to make the comparisons, Mr. Butler is unsurpassed as a soloist in the evangelistic field. His voice is a rich baritone with a register of two octaves, from G to G sharp. He subordinates the fads and tricks of his art to perfect articulation. He seeks not so much impressions as results. He is a conspicuous example of the limitless possibilities of high class solo work in revival meetings. He has no gestures, but the full, round tones, and almost faultless emphasis of his marvelously flexible and well trained voice, and kindling eyes, express what all feel to be the message of his heart. For Mr. Butler is not only Mr. Sunday's soloist, but one of his most aggressive workers. When the invitation is given he leaps into the crowd where his modest, gentlemanly bearing and lovable personality are used in utter self-abandon in the winning of souls.

For several years Mr. Sunday had been searching for a soloist who measured up to his requirements. Charles Butler is an exemplar of the high ideals of the famous evangelist. His repertoire is varied enough to suit the themes and to stand the strain of a six weeks' campaign. Frequent requests are made for many of the songs which Mr. Butler has made famous by his



peculiar interpretation. "Shadows," "Is He Yours?" "He Lifted Me," and "The Sparrow Song" are among the favorites of the public, and which Mr. Butler loves best to sing.

"Charley" Butler, as he is affectionately named by his friends, was born in the Southland, in Camilla, Georgia, December 30, 1879, on a farm. His father was a merchant and banker in that town. His mother was a native of southern Illinois, her father being a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman. Mr. Butler attended college in Macon, Ga., learned the trade of an iron moulder, became a foreman in the shop where he learned his craft, and has a singular passion to reach with his voice the man who toils.

He was converted in February, 1902, through Evangelist R. V. Miller at Macon, and convinced he was called to sing the gospel, Mr. Butler took a special course in literature, history and the classics, then studied voice culture under Arthur J. Hubbard, one of the most noted teachers in Boston. While singing at a religious conference at Northfield, Mass., in 1905, he attracted the attention of Charles M. Alexander, which resulted in Mr. Butler's engagement by Dr. Torrey during the world famous tour of Canada and the United States.

"The Man with the Orange Blossoms in his Voice," as Mr. Alexander felicitously spoke of him in a souvenir book published after the Cleveland meetings, joined Mr. Sunday in 1907, and has been with him in all his great meetings since, with the single exception of Bloomington, when he was obliged to rest.

Mrs. Charles Underwood Butler

THE latest enrichment to the already strong department of music in the Sunday party is the charming bride of Mr. Butler. Rarely do two such apparently compatible persons agree to walk together, or Cupid arrange a more romantic alliance.

It would be superfluous to speak of Mrs. Butler, and her accomplishments in this place, were it not that this souvenir will be so widely distributed outside the city of Springfield. There are many, however, who will be interested in the following items who do not live in Illinois. Mrs. Butler was born in Springfield twenty years ago. She is a graduate of the high school of this capital city, class of '07. Her father, Superintendent Anderson, was superintendent of the city schools for several years. Mr. Anderson is now superintendent of the Merchants' Delivery Transfer Company. Possessing a voice of rare



quality, Miss Anderson was anxious to acquire the best obtainable musical training. For a while she enjoyed the privilege of attending the Rogers Park Conservatory and took voice culture under the famous Madame Johanna Hess Burr, in Chicago; afterwards taking a course in Liberal Arts under the tutelage of Madame C. E. Elliott, in the same city.

Miss Edith Anderson, now Mrs. Charles Butler, has a most attractive personality. The grace, ease and artless simplicity which is so characteristic of this lady in private or in public, her superb poise and stature, her large, luminous gray eyes and blonde complexion, all combine to pre-dispose an audience in her favor. But it is the proof, attested by Mrs. Butler's presence at the tabernacle, that these gifts and graces are now consecrated to the service of religion that has, and will continue to, increase the affection of the public for the handsome and accomplished bride of "Charley" Butler.

Bentley De Forrest Ackley

THIS gentleman lives up to his middle name, suggestive of great things in wireless telegraphy—for he can do things as remarkable as sending messages through space. He operates the typewriter faster than most speakers talk; writes shorthand like a jackrabbit runs; composes almost classical music for gospel songs as rapidly as anybody wants them; writes letters for Mr. Sunday to sign that read exactly like Sunday himself writes; succeeds at the fine diplomacy necessary in conducting the correspondence of William A. Sunday, a correspondence which is among the most interesting things in the world; and does all the piano accompaniment work in the tabernacle for Fischer, Butler, chorus choir and local soloists, often carrying on a conversation with reporters or other workers at the same time. His position on the staff of Mr. Sunday makes that of private secretary to Theodore Roosevelt seem a sinecure; and he is always ready, with the greatest cheerfulness, to do a lot more work for newspaper men and others having a real right to his assistance. Such a man as Ackley is an absolute necessity to Mr. Sunday to relieve the latter of a burden of work important



to others, but routine to the evangelist—otherwise Mr. Sunday would have no time to preach, for his mail equals that of a member of a president's cabinet and is as varied as that of Andrew Carnegie.

Ackley's parents were both school teachers, and the father avoided idleness by in addition teaching singing school and leading a brass band in Pennsylvania. B. D. Ackley was born in Bradford county in 1872. At the age of eight the youngster was playing a horn about as big as himself in the band, and two years later was assisting his father in musical conventions. The son kept busy also by working on a farm until he was seventeen, when he moved to Philadelphia and later to New York City, where he lived until 1903, when he went back to Philadelphia. He was a stenographer for railroad officers and for business men and was also a church organist in both New York and Philadelphia. In 1905 he was converted and began evangelistic work in the Northwest, later joining Mr. Sunday at Bloomington during the last week of 1907.

Not forgetting that Ackley does the work of a whole team as secretary to Mr. Sunday, it still may be said that his most important work is musical. Ninety per cent of the best musicians are poor accompanists, and good accompanists are as rare as grand opera stars. Ackley is a good accompanist—so good that he has no superior for both chorus and solo accompanying. But even above this is his ability to write religious music. His "Sunshine Song" and "I'm Going All the Way with Jesus," are probably the most popular, unless they are surpassed by "Somebody Knows," which is always sung with success at each series of meetings and is always whistled by the boys of the street—it was his first success in that line and was written at Sharon, Pa., in June, 1908.

Ackley's song compositions entirely lack the wishy-washy, infantile quality which has caused so much adverse criticism of the usual Sunday school and evangelistic music. It is real music he writes—and every composition is not only classical in form, but very expressive of the ideas in the words.

Mr. Ackley is accompanied by his wife a part of the time. She takes a deep interest in the work.

Sunday Sayings

You may hide a sin from others, but you cannot hide it from yourself and God.

My voice is my bread and butter, but I never worry over the time when it will fail me, should I be unable to withstand the strain.

I will not stand by and let a woman travel over the country with a costume like a fly-net doing the Salome dance without raising my voice in protest.

All sinners are slaves! And what a brutal master the devil is!

If you are not a Christian, you have made a flat failure of your whole life.

You cannot teach an old dog new tricks, but you can a pup. The time to give your heart to God is now.

Don't let anybody fool you by saying that you are too young to become a Christian.

No man or woman, I don't care what he or she tries of his or her own power to do, can escape from the effects of sin.

Miss Frances Miller

TRUE today as it ever has been, the title, "church member," or "Christian," are not synonymous with "soul winning." Miss Miller, with Bible in hand, finger on chapter and verse, persuades you—yes, convinces you they should be—that they are. To make "soul winners" out of church members is her business with Mr. Sunday's party, and she does it. Skilled herself through years of study and practice, she stands before her class of hundreds, each afternoon at the close of Mr. Sunday's sermon and schools them to meet the excuses and questions of the sinner, not as the quack with the patent cure all, but as the trained physician who diagnoses, then prescribes. With clear, logical reasonings, deduced from Scripture, carried by a clear, far-reaching voice, she instructs how to diagnose the sinner's heart and apply the specific Scripture remedy with chapter and verse.

Miss Miller herself was not always a soul-winning church member. For five years she was not. A church member, simply, she thinks, because she was asked to be. Reared in a Christian home, honest at heart, she was ready. When Billy Sunday, about sixteen years ago, broke the truth to her in a sermon on "Personal Work," she surrendered to it. Mr. Alexander led her into Bible study and Grace Saxe made her *want* to do Bible work.

She was born in Minnesota, grew up in North Dakota, lived in Illinois, was educated in the high school at Waterloo, Iowa, and college at Fargo, N. D., and afterwards taking a two years' course and finals in the Bible Institute in Chicago.

She spent a summer with Mr. Williams and Mr. Alexander, organizing Bible classes, etc., one of which at Vinion, Ia., still continues, and that is over ten years ago. Her first year out of college she had charge of two Congregational churches near Valley City, N. D., and later was ordained a member of the Congregational church.

Besides "personal work" classes she teaches systematic Bible study classes, special prayer meetings in Y.M.C.A., laundries,



shops, high schools, etc., at times and places convenient for the many who cannot attend the regular services. Morning and afternoon she does it, conducting four or more meetings a day and plunges into the vast tabernacle in the evening hunting for someone to lead to her Christ.

Her Bible is pre-eminently a part of a great revival campaign in supplementing the preaching by preparing intelligent workers and grounding converts in the Scriptures. Thus two of the weakest spots, two chief causes of failure in modern revival work, are cared for.

Fred Seibert



Soul Winner

THE genial countenance of Fred Seibert, the custodian of the tabernacle, will never be forgotten by those who attended the meetings. He wears "the smile that won't come off," and it is the real thing.

Fred is known as "The Soul Winner," "Broncho Buster," "Personal Worker" and numerous other titles. He has the characteristic peculiar to every member of the Sunday party, terribly in earnest and no limit to energy. It is said more than 7,000 souls have been touched and won to Christ by his personal work.

During Mr. Sunday's sermons Fred is usually sitting in the choir, looking over the audience, on the alert for someone who would come under the influence of the meetings, and at the close of the

sermon, and almost before the invitation could be given, Fred would be down in the aisle hustling among the people, climbing over the seats, if necessary to get to some needy one. It is only necessary to talk a few moments to him for one to be convinced of his sincerity and effectiveness in his personal work.

Fred tells a unique story of his conversion. He says: "Fifteen years ago at Springdale, after fixing up a crooked horse race for a buck Indian, and painting white feet and a star on the horse's face in order that he might be entered after being barred, the race was easily won.

"Soon after this I was taken sick, and I prayed about like this, 'Lord, I don't know much of anything about this religion, but if you will give me strength to get home, I will give my life for your service.' Well, I soon forgot this promise, and

for three years I hated to hear a church bell ring. Finally, one night while losing heavily at poker I went out to buy a cigar and tried to change my luck. I went past a church, heard the singing, and stepped inside. It seemed as though the minister was preaching directly to me. In twenty minutes I said to myself, 'Old man, you need not go any further, I am going up front.' So when he gave the invitation, I went up front. On the way up the aisle, I saw my brother Ed, and hollered at him, 'Come on, Ed.' 'Where are you going?' he said. 'Up to give myself to God,' I answered. 'Here,' said Ed, reaching out and grabbing me, 'don't you go and make a fool of yourself. God cannot do anything with a worthless cuss like you.' But I got him, praise God; I got him even before I got myself. I started in with my personal work right then, and praise the Lord, I've been hitting the grit ever since."

During the Springfield meetings, Mrs. Seibert visited her husband. She is also an earnest "personal worker."

Miss Annie MacLaren

NATIVE of Edinburgh, Scotland, who started in religious work in 1903, through the influence of Charles M. Alexander, who was much pleased with her ability as a gospel singer, having heard her during his tour around the world with Dr. Torrey. At his urgent solicitation, she spent a year and a half at the Moody Institute in Chicago, and then went back home and traveled through Scotland with different evangelists. Then she came back again to this country and became state evangelistic singer for the state of Iowa, under the auspices of the Congregational church. She remained in that position for nine months, and resigned to go to Scranton, Pa., and take charge of the social settlement work under the Second Presbyterian



church of that city. Later she again went to Scotland and did evangelistic singing, came back in January of this year, had one engagement in Toronto, Ont., and joined Mr. Sunday at Springfield, in which city she has done very creditable work among the students, and in Bible teaching.

Albert Price Gill

WAS born of Christian parents in Waukesha, Wis., September 10, 1854, and was "born again" October 25, 1894, at Lawrence, Kan., in a meeting conducted by Charles Crittenden, of New York.

He is the first of the "Sunday Party" to arrive on the scene of a prospective revival campaign. As soon as he enters a town he puts the local forces into action. He organizes all necessary committees, designs and superintends the erection of the tabernacle, answers thousands of questions that present themselves, and in an incredibly short time, "Every clod feels a stir of might."

He goes at his work in a winning way, meets men on their level, is a genial good-hearted fellow, makes strong and lasting friends for the cause; advises with the several committees, makes addresses, and puts ginger and backbone into everybody connected with the movement.

Before the tabernacle is completed the pastors love him, the carpenters love him, the committees admire him, everybody is on speaking terms with him, yes, everybody knows Gill.

He is the forerunner, the "John the Baptist," the first inspiration, the all-round booster, the fit-in-everywhere, the foundation layer for the party.

Mr. Gill has a true helpmate in his wife, who accompanies him from place to place, when health permits, and who is always ready with words of sympathy and encouragement.



If the whiskey gang is for a man then I'm against him. On the booze question I'm not a partisan. I'm against the dirty business.

Who supports the jails and madhouses which the whiskey business fills? The taxpayers.

Rev. J. Glenn Frank

MR. FRANK has the distinction of being the youngest lyceum lecturer in the United States. He joined Mr. Sunday at Springfield less than ten days before the close of the meetings, and has proven himself fully equal to the occasion. The overflow meetings are handled by him with skill and tact. He is a most brilliant and attractive speaker with a marked personality; by no means an imitator.

He was born in Schuyler county, Missouri, and his mother is a cousin of Oliver Wendell Holmes, his father belonging to an old American family which migrated from Virginia to Kentucky and later to Missouri as did so many of the descendants of the Old Dominion colonists. Not altogether from necessity, but partly because of an independent spirit, little Glenn Frank struck out for himself when only a baker's dozen years old, worked on a farm summers and went to school winters.

When he was fifteen years old, he was called away from home to preach a series of revival sermons. After working his way through a college or two he became a young man of superior refinement, fine culture, remarkable learning and extraordinary eloquence.

He is only twenty-one years old, but is already a chautauqua manager and lecturer with contracts covering all next summer, based upon great success during the last year or two in that line. His life history is so extraordinary as to have special interest.

Only a trifle over twenty-one years old, Mr. Frank has the maturity of mind of a man of forty. He has a vocabulary almost as large as Sunday himself; the range of subjects upon which he is accurately informed is extremely wide. He is a good deal of a poet in his mental makeup which gives him great polish of diction and refinement of manner. He will accompany Mr. Sunday to Marshalltown for the meetings to be held there at the close of the Springfield campaign. Whether he will postpone his graduation from Northwestern University in order to be an assistant of Mr. Sunday during next year is a matter which they are discussing now.

Women Degenerate Gamblers

They are just as much degenerate blackleg gamblers as the gambling hell. They ought to be put in the calaboose with the rest of the gamblers.

You have no right to find fault with the city officials when they don't suppress gambling, when a thing so near akin to it is carried on right in your own home. I believe that society as it is constituted today is doing more to damn the spiritual life of the church than the grog shops. You can't accuse me of being a friend to that stinking, dirty, rotten hell-soaked business.

Rev. Clifton Pryor Pledger

DURING the unprecedented revival meetings of 1908, the Reverend C. P. Pledger was the trusted and almost indispensable assistant of the Rev. W. A. Sunday. His rare executive skill, winsome personality and courtly bearing were invaluable assets in meeting committees and deputations, and in attending to the countless varieties of details and arrangements incident to each day while the meetings were in progress. Besides "oiling the machinery" of the organized forces, and warding off needless intrusion upon the time and strength of Mr. Sunday, Mr. Pledger held meetings in all kinds of places, and for all kinds of people. It is a rare occurrence for so young a man to become so widely known and so well loved, in so short a time and by so many people.

Clifton Pryor Pledger was born at Tupelo, Miss., in 1875. He was converted when eighteen years old at Henrietta, Texas. Convinced that he was called to be an evangelist, he attended the Moody Bible Institute, graduated from Northwestern University,

and then took a special course in Harvard University. During all these struggling years he earned his own way, supported his parents and younger brothers and won success in various and difficult pastorates in the M. E. Church, of which body he was a member. His heart was filled with joy when the invitation to become assistant to the Rev. William A. Sunday was received. In January, 1908, this self-made, chivalrous, scholarly, ambitious and versatile young man became one of the famous "Sunday Party" at Bloomington, Ill.

During the summer months when he should have rested, and on Mondays, when the big meetings were in progress and all were supposed to rest, Mr. Pledger wore down his fine body to the danger point. At Latham, Monticello, Tallula, Argenta and other places hundreds were converted; for, like his master, he spoke as one having authority and he was in great demand.

Then came the summons, at the age of his Master, in far away Spokane, February 11, 1909. His last words were: "Go on with the work" Mr. Sunday says of him, "He never made a mistake."



Harry Monroe

THIS gentleman, well remembered by the Springfield audiences, has followed Mr. Sunday's big meetings for years, and is regarded by him as "one of America's greatest Rescue Mission Workers." In his sweet singing lies one of his great powers with the fallen.

Of his conversion, Mr. Monroe says: "For years I lived in the realm of the gambler, prize fighter, politician, booze fighter and all-around sport. On February 6, 1880, I woke up to find I was all in. Booze and the attendant condition and going the pace that kills, set me to thinking. That night I happened to pass by the Pacific Garden Mission—the dearest spot on earth to me—and had a little talk with Mrs. Clarke. I returned the following night and 'dear old Colonel Clarke, the apostle of love and mercy to the lost and sinful,' took me by the hand and said, 'Young man, Jesus loves you and so do I.' That put me out of business. I was all broke up, to think that Jesus did really love even me and with the old colonel by my side on our knees, I asked God to 'have mercy on me, a sinner,' and I know that eventful night Jesus saved me."



Rev. W. A. Sunday says: "Harry Monroe, of the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, has probably taken more criminals, more drunkards, more 'down-and-outers,' more thieves, more 'dead game' sports, and more people by the hand and helped them to Jesus Christ than any man in the United States. Twenty years ago, corner State and VanBuren streets, Chicago, I heard this prince of mission workers tell how Jesus saved him, and there and then I gave up all for Christ."

Personal liberty—that cracks your safe, ruins your daughter,—personal liberty is all the anarchist wants. Personal liberty murdered Lincoln and Garfield. I stand for civil liberty, every time!

The Ushers

NOT a service was held at the tabernacle but that the manner in which the crowds were handled called forth words of commendation from those whose work brought them in touch with throngs of people. Not in the history of the city, probably, have daily evening throngs of from 8000 to 10,000 persons been handled so quietly, so quickly and so effectively as by the corps of ushers at the tabernacle. The success was due to the effective organization among the men in this part of the work. The plan was worked out by Chief Usher Spaulding and Architect Gill, together with the few advisers who held meetings prior to the opening of the campaign. Each section and aisle had its captain usher and he looked after the work of the men in the section.

The men doing this work and those to whom credit for the manner in which the crowds were handled, were as follows:

Chief usher, Irving Spaulding; assistant chief ushers, George W. Wright and J. D. Edmond; aisle captains, George E. Coe, Jacob Appel, William Bradford, W. A. Orr, Nelson Allyn, F. R. Gehlman, E. R. Ulrich, Jr., G. B. Thornberry, John Hoenig, H. A. Butler, A. G. Murray, Robert Patton, W. R. Bailey, John Maldaner, Robert McClinchie, Dr. I. H. Taylor, James H. Hood, Mr. Kauffman. Assistant chief usher for afternoon services, W. R. Bailey.

Ushers—G. Wallace Marshall, W. R. Bailey, Thomas L. Jarrett, Harmon Brown, George Hemmenway, Walter S. Sattley, John Graham, Sam Willett, F. W. Reinhart, A. H. Rankin, Arthur Poorman, William W. Barrett, O. B. Caldwell, D. J. Wright, Frank Hunt, George W. Wright, George J. Kable, Lewis E. Wood, H. N. McVeigh, Charles Reid, F. R. Fehlman, Irby Shepherd, George Jack, Joseph B. Ruckel, H. Y. Pollock, W. B. Robinson, F. F. Davis, B. F. Sprinkle, Edgar Stevens, Winfield Barber, F. F. Thompson, J. J. Foster, J. L. Terry, Robert Terry, Sidney Cargie, F. W. Carter, Wilson Boysel, J. F. Norveil, Thomas H. Green, Devillia F. Hocker, Louis Coe, George L. Taylor, M. D. Irwin, C. J. Christopher, Henry Jabusch, C. P. Strickland, Arthur Haenig, Chester Vigo, W. E. Sampson, Henry Haynes, Ralph Stevens, J. H. Byers, Sherman Black, A. W. Cantrall, George A. Bickes, John Swezy, G. B. Wade, H. W. Hart, J. Robert McKinney, Walter Odell, George Brownell, H. T. Allen, S. F. Earl, George Owens, J. T. Pennington, Ed Cochran, F. J. M. Moor, Clarence Handley, Joseph W. Wright, W. D. Fowkes, J. H. McReynolds, Ed Dawson, C. W. Utt, T. H. Troxell, Sidney Smith, Frank T. Kuhl, Lloyd Davis, Elmer Wright, C. H. Jenkins, Carl Melin, J. L. Fortado, Joseph Meline, S. P. Larson, George Fitzgerald, William Applett, George Booth, John Ferreira, Clinton Early, John Fernandes, Ira Boyd, E. J. Gard, M. V. Chamberlain, Leslie Burch, John Green, C. E. Ford, Mr. Maxey, C. O. Foster, Amos Phillips, J. Omer Bookout, A. H. Phillips, Frank Gould, Galen Richey, C. Smith, J. D. Huffman, W. R. Thompson, Frank Knapp, J. A. Coleman, Richard Lyon, W. P. Jones, Frank McCord, C. H. Carmeny, George F. Pettett, Henry Clanney, W. D. Stacy, Howard Lowey, W. H. J. Cribb, James Burns, C. E. Bode, E. S. Mann, W. B. Hemlick, Joseph Stotzenburg, E. L. Chapin, E. E. Staley, W. S. Barber, J. H. Neher, W. E. Riggins, J. L. Scott, W. E. Coleman, R. W. Gough, J. C. Skoog, F. S. Springer, J. P. Springer, J. M. Appel, Edward Anderson, H. C. Streiff, Dr. A. P. Wakefield, Passell Rottger, H. E. Brittin, Leslie Burch, F. T. Lister, Edward McCullough, A. H. Davidson, A. E. Hanes, Dr. R. E. McClelland, E. C. Pruitt, J. W. Cain, George Mills, O. L. Lingole, E. W.



A GROUP OF USHERS AT THE SPRINGFIELD MEETING

Raines, Warren Lewis, Elmer Hamilton, Frank Halpin, Bert Hallam, U. S. G. Hill, Ray E. Simmons, Harry C. Williams, R. E. Hambaugh, W. W. Walker, A. W. Hillier, W. C. Grant, Walter Cline, Lance Watson, Claude Owens, F. O. Knapp, W. H. Hunt, Samuel Fabble, R. H. Rogers, J. W. Wright, O. B. Kaup, H. B. Carley, F. J. Moor, Emery Kalb, Luther Vigal, George A. Thompson, Floyd Campana, Myron Garber, J. R. Mitts, W. H. Fenstermaker, C. A. Meador, Fred Jordan, H. F. Clendennin, D. A. Killin, J. S. Lewis, C. C. Rupp, H. N. Offer, E. W. Sampson, F. W. Gough, R. T. Jefferson, W. E. Ray, C. J. Vigal, Ernest Haywood, L. A. Van Daren, Frank Lindsey, C. W. Barker, Max Kaden, Geo. P. Ayers, G. A. Hulett, William Edmonds, John W. Solomon, H. E. Barker, W. P. Fawkes, G. Blauvelt, Charles Reisner, Joe Acton, Chester Vogal, Fred Judson, W. S. Crowder, P. H. Howard, C. Hopper, W. C. Downing, J. W. Mitchell, G. A. Konetz, J. A. Adkinson, S. Follis.

The Springfield Ministerial Association and Its Organization

ON December 2, 1907, about seventy pastors and representative laymen carried a petition to Mayor Roy R. Reece, urging him to enforce the Sunday closing laws and ordinances. It was evident on all sides that to stem the awful tide of lawlessness and immorality a mighty revival of religion was needed.

A delegation was appointed January 6, 1908, to visit Mr. Sunday in Bloomington and try to secure his services for a campaign in Springfield, preceding their election. The delegation visited him but could not secure his services for more than one day, so on March 3 Mr. Sunday addressed a mass meeting in the Armory, where it is said 12,000 people heard him speak.

At a meeting of the Ministerial Association on March 16 there was a unanimous motion carried to again invite Mr. Sunday to their city for the purpose of holding a series of meetings at the earliest possible date. The question had been submitted to the various congregations and on April 20 the following invitation was drafted and signed by all the churches:

"We, the undersigned pastors of the various churches of Springfield, Ill., hereby extend to the Rev. W. A. Sunday a cordial invitation to hold a series of evangelistic meetings in our city, at such date as shall be mutually agreed upon, pledging him our fullest support in all things he may deem necessary, and in this invitation we bring to him the pledge of every such church here represented."

There were so many other calls for Mr. Sunday that it was hard to convince him he ought to come to Springfield. The members of the association realized that if they secured the coveted leader strenuous efforts must be put forth.

On July 24 a special meeting of the association was held at the Central Baptist church, and on August 31 another meeting of the same body was held at the First Congregational church. At this meeting the signatures of business men to the petition were added, and on October 9 a delegation armed with authority went to Jacksonville, and finally prevailed on Mr. Sunday to name February 5, 1909, as the date for beginning a meeting in Springfield.

Steps were then taken to perfect the organization, and a capable Christian business man, Mr. W. A. Pavey, was selected as chairman of the executive committee. On Mr. Pavey's request two men from each of the churches were appointed to



MOTHER'S DAY, APRIL 1ST, 1909
9000 white handkerchiefs raised in honor of Mothers

work with the pastors, and these would constitute the board of management. Accordingly on November 22 a large representation met at the First Methodist church, and organized the Springfield Evangelistic Association with W. A. Pavey as chairman, and Guy I. Colby as secretary.

Mr. A. P. Gill, the "John the Baptist" of the Sunday party, arrived January 20 to erect the tabernacle. It was decided that the building should be erected at the northwest corner of First and Adams streets.

The association issued its call for prayer on February 15, and soon 130 prayer meetings daily were held in different places of the city. On February 17 a telegram was received from Mr. Sunday stating that he was worn out, by his strenuous labors, and was almost sick over the sudden death of Mr. Pledger, his first lieutenant, and would not be able to begin the campaign until the 26th.

On Friday, February 26, at 4:00 P. M. Mr. Sunday, his brother Ed and son George arrived in the city. They were greeted at the depot by the Ministerial Association, the entertainment committee, and members of the Evangelistic Association.

The opening service was held the same evening at the tabernacle, where thousands assembled to hear the first gun fired in a campaign for righteousness, that can never be forgotten by the residents of Springfield.

Mother's Day

ONE of the most impressive and successful days in the great campaign was Mother's Day, as suggested by Rev. Mr. Sunday. The following request was published:

Every person is requested to wear a white flower or ribbon to-day in honor of mother. If your mother is alive do her an act of kindness. Telegraph or write to her, or give her a gift to express your love. If mother is not alive, perform an act of kindness to somebody else's mother. The services at the tabernacle will be for mothers, although everybody is invited. Business men are invited to close their places of business from two to four o'clock, or at least to let as many employees off as possible. An offering will be taken at the tabernacle to be given to the Woman's Club to be distributed to the charities of the city as the club deems best.

W. A. SUNDAY.

Every citizen of Springfield was surprised at the manner in which the idea was taken up by all classes. The white ribbon and white flower were worn by a large percentage of the citizens.

The white carnation supply was soon exhausted as this was the favorite. Many of the stores and shops were closed. The Vredenburg Mills closed during the afternoon.

"Mother" was the theme of the entire day—the noonday meeting at the court house, prayer meetings in the morning, the shop meetings at noon, the great afternoon meeting at the tabernacle—and no matter which way one might turn he would be reminded that on this day he should honor his mother.

Even the business in the postoffice increased as the result of the many letters being written to mothers, on the suggestion of Mr. Sunday. The accompanying illustration will give one a faint idea of the enthusiasm and zeal in which the 9,000 people in the afternoon meeting at the tabernacle raised their pure white handkerchiefs in honor of the day. No such occasion had ever before stirred Springfield to this extent.

The Famous Baseball Story

THIS day, March 21, surpassed in every way any of the meetings thus far held in Springfield. The tabernacle was packed to the doors with men in the afternoon when Mr. Sunday delivered his sermon on "The Devil's Boomerang."

Mr. Sunday told most interestingly of the old ball team of which he was a member:

I used to play ball. I played center and left field on the old Chicago White Stockings. I don't believe their equal was ever known and I am sure their superior never was.

We played all one season with eleven men.

We had only two pitchers, Clarkson and McCormick, and I will tell you those eleven men used to play ball.

One time twenty years ago I walked down a street in Chicago in company with some ball players who were famous in this world, some of them are dead now, and we went into a saloon.

It was Sunday afternoon and we bowled up. We walked on down the street to the corner where Siegel & Cooper's store is now. It was a vacant lot at that time. We sat down on the curbing. Across the street a company of men and women were playing on instruments—horns, flutes, and slide trombones—and the others were singing the gospel hymns that I used to hear my mother sing back in the log cabin in Iowa, and back in the old church where I used to go to Sunday school.

And God painted on the canvass of my recollection and memory a vivid picture of the scenes of other days and faces.

Many have long since turned to dust. I sobbed and sobbed and a young man stepped out and said:

"We are going down to the Pacific Garden Mission, won't you come down to the mission? I'm sure you will enjoy it."

I arose and said to the boys:

"I bid you good-bye," and I turned my back on them. Some of them laughed and some of them mocked me; one of them gave me encouragement; others never said a word.

Twenty-three years ago I turned and left that little group on the corner of State and Madison streets and walked to the little mission and dropped on my knees and gave my heart to Jesus Christ.

I went over to the south side of Chicago and joined the Jefferson Park Presbyterian church.

The next day I had to go out to the ball park and practice. Every morning at 10 o'clock we had to be out there and practice. I never slept that night. I was afraid of the horse-laugh that the gang would give me because I had taken my stand for Jesus Christ.

I walked down to the old ball grounds. I will never forget it. I slipped my key into the wicket gate and the first man to meet me after I got inside was Mike Kelley.

Kelley had a heart in him as big as a woman, and he came up to me and gave me words of encouragement. Up came Anson, Pfeffer, Clarkson, Flint, Jimmy McCormick, Burns, Williamson, Dalrymple and George Gore. George was the fellow that I was most afraid of. He came up to me and I saw a tear glisten in his eyes, and I knew that I had his sympathy and a great load rolled off his shoulders. There wasn't a fellow in



that gang who knocked; every fellow had a word of encouragement for me.

That afternoon we played the old Detroit club. We were neck and neck for the championship. That club had Thompson, Richardson, Lowe, Dunlap, Hanlon and Bennett, and they could play ball.

I was playing right field and John Clarkson was pitching. He was as fine a pitcher as ever crawled into a uniform.

Clarkson is in an insane asylum today; he don't know his wife nor any of his children.

What put him there? Cigarettes.

I have seen him smoke twelve to fifteen boxes a day, and when he crawled out of the baths at Hot Springs I have seen the nicotine that thick on the water, and it is because of those cigarettes that John is crazy today. We had the Detroit club beat three to two at the last half of the ninth inning.

We had two men out and they had a man on second and one on third, and Bennett, their old catcher, was at the bat. Bennett lost his legs under a Missouri Pacific train. He staggered under a train and it cut off both legs. He is running a cigar store in Detroit today. Charley had three balls and two strikes on him. Charley couldn't hit a high ball; I don't mean a Scotch high ball, but he could kill them when they went about his knee.

I holloed to John and I said:

"You know, keep her up and we have got 'em."

You know every pitcher digs a hole in the ground where he puts his foot when he is pitching. John stuck his foot in the hole and he went clear down to the ground. Oh, he could make them dance. He could throw over-handed and the ball would go down and up like that. He is the only man on earth I have ever seen do that. John went clear down and as he went to throw the ball his right foot slipped and the ball went low instead of high.

I saw Charley swing hard and heard the bat hit the ball with a terrific blow. I saw the ball rise in the air and knew that it was going clear over my head.

I could judge within ten feet of where the ball would light. I turned my back to the ball and ran.

The field was crowded with people and I yelled, "Stand back!" and that crowd opened like the Red Sea when Moses stood on the bank. I ran on, and as I ran I made my first prayer; it wasn't theological either, I tell you that. I said, God, if you ever helped mortal man, help me to get that ball. I ran and jumped over the bench and stopped.

I thought I was close enough to catch it. I looked back and I saw it going over my head, and I jumped and shoved my left hand out and the ball hit it and stuck. At the rate I was going the momentum carried me on and I fell under the feet of a team of horses. I jumped up with the ball in my hand. Up came John Hill and Tom Johnson; Tom is now mayor of Cleveland, Ohio. He said:

"Here is \$10 Bill, buy you the best hat in Chicago. That catch won me \$1,500. Tomorrow go and buy yourself the best suit of clothes you can find in Chicago."

I believe God helped me to catch that ball.

Listen! Mike Kelley was sold to Boston for \$10,000. Mike got half of the purchase price. He came up to me and showed me a check for \$5,000. John L.



Sullivan, the champion fighter, went around with a subscription paper and the boys raised over \$12,000 to buy Mike a house.

They gave Mike a deed to the house and they had \$1,500 left and gave him a certificate of deposit for that.

His salary for playing with Boston was \$4,700 a year. At the end of that season Mike had spent the \$5,000 purchase price and the \$4,700 he received as a salary and the \$1,500 they gave him and had a mortgage on his house. And when he died down in Pennsylvania they went around with a subscription paper to get money enough to put him in the ground. Mike sat there on the corner with me twenty-three years ago when I said I bid you good-bye.

Williamson was the shortstop, a fellow weighing 225 pounds and a more active man you never saw.

When Spaulding took the two clubs around the world I was the second man asked to sign the contract. I was sliding to second base one day, I always slid head first and I hit a stone and cut a ligament loose in my knee.

I got a doctor and had my leg fixed up and he said to me:

"William, if you don't go on that trip, I will give you a good leg." I obeyed and I have as good a leg today as I ever had. They offered to wait for me at Honolulu and at Australia. Spaulding said meet us in England and play with us through England, Scotland and Wales. I didn't go.

Williamson went with them, and while they were on the ship crossing the English channel a storm arose and the captain thought the ship would go down.

Ed dropped to his knees and prayed and said:

"God, bring this ship safe into a harbor and I promise to quit drinking and be a Christian."

God abated the storm and the ship went into the harbor safely. They came back to the United States and Ed came back to Chicago and started a saloon on Dearborn street.

I would go through there giving tickets for the Y.M.C.A. meetings and would talk with him and he would cry like a baby.

I would get down and pray for him, and would talk with him. When he died they put him on the table and cut him open and took out his liver and it was as big as a tobacco bucket.

Ed Williamson sat there on the street corner with me twenty-three years ago when I said, "I bid you good-bye."

John Ward is another who sat on the street corner with me that day and John Ward is now one of the leading attorneys for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. Frank Flint, our old catcher, who caught for nineteen years, drew \$3,200 a year on an average. He caught before they had chest protectors and masks and gloves. He caught bare handed.

Every bone in the ball of his hand was broken; you never saw a hand like Frank had. Every bone in his face was broken and his nose and cheek bones, and the shoulder and ribs had all been broken. Frank was discharged from the Chicago club because he would drink and nobody else wanted him.

He used to hang around the saloon all the time. Many a time I have found poor old Frank asleep on a beer table. I turned my pockets wrong side out and dumped every cent I had on the table and I said:

"Frank, you can always look to me for half of what I have." I haven't as much now as I had when I was playing ball. Then I was drawing \$5,000 and \$7,000 a year and was offered \$1,000 a month if I would play ball.



His wife left him and one day he staggered out of a saloon and was seized with a paroxysm of coughing. His wife happened to meet him and the old love for him returned. She called a carriage and summoned two policemen and they carried Frank to her boarding house. She summoned five physicians, the best physicians that money could buy, and said:

"Men, men, save, save, save Frank."

They said:

"Mrs. Flint, we can't, we can't."

Frank heard them, and he said:

"Send for Bill."

I hurried over to the house and as I stood beside his bed he reached up his left hand and reached it around my neck and drew me down to him. He said:

"Bill, there is nothing that gives me so much comfort as to have you come down, on an occasion like this. I can see the crowd hissing when I strike out and they need a run, and I can hear them cheer as I catch a foul tip, or throw a fellow out on the base. But it don't do any good now, when I come to a time like this."

Frank coughed and his life went out.

Frank Flint sat on the street corner with me twenty-three years ago when I said, boys, I am through.

I stand before you honorable citizens of Springfield and Bloomington, and the surrounding towns, and I ask you to live a better life and leave the devil.

Say, I am through, I am through, by the grace and help of God Almighty.

I tell you boys, I wish my mother had been well enough to be here this afternoon.

I have helped to put those gray hairs in her head, and I have caused that body to be bent over and I have caused those long wrinkles in her sweet old face. But I say to her:

"Mother, sit at your ease and comfort the rest of your days."

And I am trying my best to atone for them.



Deaf Mutes Attend

ONE of the most interesting sights at these meetings was the great body of Jacksonville deaf mutes, who quite regularly attended. Many of their number were converted. The Sunday sermons were interpreted to the mutes by Prof. Frank Reed, Jr., of the State School at Jacksonville. He is an ardent Christian and through his efforts in the Springfield meetings between thirty and forty mutes have been converted.

Prof. Reed stood up and repeated to the mutes just what Mr. Sunday said, and it was a very unique and interesting sight to watch the movements and gestures of the interpreter. He would enter into the spirit of Mr. Sunday's discourse, and it could be plainly seen that he became intensely interested and enthused in his work. The expression on the faces of the mutes would brighten up as he said something amusing, in fact it could be plainly seen that through the aid of their interpreter, they were enabled to enjoy all that Sunday said.

When the collection for the current expenses was being taken, the deaf mutes gave ten dollars, proving their appreciation. Mr. Sunday referred to the fact, saying that, "If men who could not hear a word of what I say were contributing to this extent, what ought some of you fellows down there do who hear it all?"

The "Booze" Sermon

Ten Thousand Men Thrilled as "Billy" Sunday Delivers His Great Address on "Booze" Sunday Afternoon, April 4th.

G. Walter Barr writes of the sermon as follows:

HIGH above a level, pinkish-brown level of living faces stood a man, the apostle of action, waving a large American flag toward high heaven and with it lifting ten thousand men out of their seats, out of their ordinary selves, to make of them a moving, cheering mass of enthusiastic, but practical concrete patriotism. Perched there high above the heads of the people, the man wore only shirt and trousers—the trousers turned up at the bottom and held up by a leather belt at the top—the white shirt wide open at the throat and with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows. He stood at his full height, a lithe, athletic figure, stretching up on his tiptoes, far up on top the elevated pulpit, until his head was almost touching the electrolier just below the rafters of the building. But higher yet he, waved the stars and stripes that sometimes flapped around his body and sometimes hid his set, stern face, blazing eyes and square jaw, between which his mobile mouth was pouring out a veritable torrent of oratory and a furious defiance of his adversaries. Standing there, slowly sweeping the oldest flag in the world back

and forth as the symbol of the best there is in government, he angrily trampled beneath his stamping feet the red flag of anarchy and anathematized it to the great crowd of men under his spell.

Sunday cleared for action before he started into the biggest bombardment anybody ever gave booze. He slipped off his cuffs as soon as he reached the platform and cast them upon the piano. While the crowd was singing "Yield Not to Temptation," he took off his coat and threw it at Ackley's head below and behind him. Then he took off his collar and cravat and gently dropped them into the big lower register piano strings. Next, he rolled up his sleeves carefully to the elbows like a baseball pitcher, and opened his shirt collar. A little later he turned up his trousers.

And thus he stood, belted, a trim, straight, trained athlete, with a face from which had faded the smile generally more or less there—a face of omnipotent determination, with the square jaw and the latent fire in the eyes that some of us saw last in the face of a pugilist who was entering the ring to stay fourteen rounds of hard hitting and no clinches.

Thus he stood—for the minute necessary to draw that snapshot sketch—and that was the only minute he stood—after that for two hours he was not standing—he was gyrating—jumping—leaping—rushing—waving—falling prone—striking with his fists—stamping with his feet—leaning over the audience—leaning backward in a curve—pointing a sharp index finger through a window a half block away—standing on a chair—thrusting a clenched fist through the flimsy board roof—once upon a time, a flying machine got mixed up with a windmill in a Kansas tornado, and that was a little like Sunday's gesture method yesterday afternoon. When the work-out was over, Sunday looked like a man caught out in a downpour of rain—he was as wet with perspiration as if he had fallen into the Sangamon river.



The audience had its own dramatic part when Sunday asked all who would back his fight on the liquor traffic with all their might to stand up. Practically all the 10,000 stood on the floor and on the benches and sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and "John Brown's Body" as only 10,000 men can sing it, while Sunday waved over them the big American tri-color.



The first visible result of it all was the long procession of men who came down the aisles to add themselves to the number of professed converts to the gospel of Christ. They came single, in pairs, in little groups, but always they came, pressing forward to shake the hand of the evangelist in token of their conversion. They were men of a high class of citizenship and from all vocations and of all types of masculine humanity. They came until 125 were seated on the front benches—125 perfectly representative citizens of the capital city of Illinois.

The music was a great feature of the meeting. It was the first time that anybody in Illinois ever heard a chorus of 10,000 male voices singing grand old hymns; the first time in Illinois that 10,000 men whistled "The Beautiful City" in concert. Not often has been heard 1,000 trained male voices singing as an excellent choir the Hosanna chorus from "The Holy City." Whether one be a music critic or merely a normal human moved by good music, it was the experience of a lifetime to hear that great mass of men sing as the wonderful Fischer induced them to sing by the magic of his musical domination.

The Amusement Sermon

**Younger Element Predominated in Vast Audience of
Over 10,000 People**

THE sewerage mains of vice in Springfield, only as they are parallel to those of other cities, were flushed by a flood of oratory and argument, as they have not been in the history of the city. Aghast and cringing, the audience of 10,000 held silence in wonder and amazement while the six-cylinder Prairie type contrivance of oratory and denunciation charged with all the effectiveness of a Cyrus at Babylon the strongholds of hell and evil, as he pictured they exist not only in Springfield, but generally up and down the land. For two hours he gripped the attention, galvanized the conscience and bent the wills of the thousands who were jammed within the walls of the tabernacle. Not in the campaign had he so exercised his power over man and woman as he exhibited in the discourse that evening. The huddled mass of humanity, crowded and crushed as it never had been in the history of the meetings, was held as in a vise, while Sunday, as a master mechanic, plunged his scalpel into the cohorts of iniquity. No one stirred. Not a sound was to be heard except the rasp, strained voice of the evangelist as he hurled his fire brands of condemnation and earnest pleading out into that vast multitude. Often he moved his audience to laughter, and as he arose to an oratorical climax the throng would sit there, spellbound, only to give encouragement by a spontaneous outbreak of applause.



The Mail Train Story

THIS was the greatest day of the meeting to this time. In the afternoon Mr. Sunday preached "When the Chickens Come Home to Roost" to fully 9,000 men.

In the course of his sermon Mr. Sunday related his famous railroad story, the facts and particulars of which are vouched for by old railroad men who were in the employ of the C., B. & Q. at the time. It was told with a dramatic intensity of both words and gestures that were most vivid and realistic. The story itself to read it is tame alongside of hearing it rendered by "Billy" Sunday. Not one man in ten thousand could do it with what he did. It is as follows:

We are going at a speedy rate to-day. I was in Iowa somewhere coming east. The Burlington and the Northwestern railroads were having a contest for carrying the United States mail. For about a month the two roads had been running neck and neck.

It was in February; that time of year when it is hard to make steam.

The train came into Creston Lake. George Goodrich was to carry her through the Union Pacific transfer at Council Bluffs. Goodrich climbed into the cab and while the emergency brake was being tested and the big mogul coupled on behind, Superintendent Storrs ran over to the engine and shouted:

"George, the Northwestern mail is on time and you are forty-seven minutes late. Burn up your time card, for we have given you a clear track to the Union Pacific transfer. Put her through on time, or put her in the ditch."

George didn't answer but he opened the throttle and the train responded instantly. Before he was out of the yards he was traveling thirty miles an hour.

We all got on the platform of our train, and I can see the mail to-day as she came down the track toward the station. I caught a glimpse of George Goodrich as the train came down; his cap pulled down; his jumper collar pulled up and his hands on the throttle, his eyes straight ahead.

A slight snow had fallen that morning, and after one glimpse we could see nothing on account of the snow that was swirling around the oncoming monster. The conductor of the local was standing near me, looking at the train in a dazed sort of a way.

Turning to him, I shouted, "My God, Tom, how fast is she going?"

"Going? Bill, she is going eighty miles an hour if she is turning a wheel; if she ever jumps the track she will go clear outside of the right of way."

On and on she tore. She reached the Glenwood hills. I was talking to the fireman afterwards, and he said:

"I had loaded her fire box full, and when we came to the Glenwood hill I watched to see what George would do. Bill, he let her out two more notches as she reached the top and lunged down grade. I just dropped on my knees and prayed."

The swaying engine tore on and on; she leaped from her rails so far the flanges nearly went outside. She slipped her brasses and melted her babbits and when she rolled into the Union

Pacific transfer every wheel was smoking and the glasses in the cab were shattered.



When the engineer and fireman got out of the cab they could hardly walk, but they had put her in three minutes ahead of time, and the "Q" is carrying the fast mail to-day.

You get out and hit the grit one hundred miles an hour for God and your boy will follow you.

During the recital the cords and veins in the preacher's neck stood out like whip cords. They were big and swollen. Perspiration dropped from his brow in a veritable stream. He was telling his story. That was all. Those who missed it missed a rare treat.

The First Call for Converts

ON Saturday evening, March 13, Mr. Sunday preached one of his strong sermons, "Your Sins Will Find You Out," and at this time he gave the first call and 78 souls responded.

At a special children's meeting, held in the afternoon of the same day, 306 signified their desire to become Christians by going forward.

He is so polygonal that to see him, hear him, be with him, only a dozen times, is sure to lead to misunderstanding him—but he is so charming in personal equation that to meet him once is to like him. He has been so successful that he well might be vain; but humility about his work is his guiding characteristic. He is as sympathetic as a woman; and as quick to assert his rights as a musician. He is unlike any public man in history, except possibly Napoleon Bonaparte; and this fact is what makes him appreciated, praised and loved by some of the most careful students of men in America.

G. WALTER BARR.

A good and great man, mighty in word and in deed; a prophet, and more than a prophet. His earnestness impresses you; his energy and vitality astonish you; the vividness of his word pictures enchants you; his enthusiasm fires you. Thousands hear him daily, and are made to feel that with Christ they are saved; without him they are lost. The church has been purged and strengthened and Springfield is being turned to God. It is such a revival of religion as comes to a community but once in a generation.

C. C. SINCLAIR,
Pastor Stewart Street Christian Church.

Cards were invented for the amusement of a crazy king. They were made to please the old idiot and from that day to this they have done nothing else but stay in the same business.

I've got more respect for a saloonkeeper than I have for a dancing master. I'd rather have my daughter dead than in the hands of a dancing master.

Is It Permanent?

F

OR the benefit of those who think the results of the "Billy" Sunday meetings in Springfield will soon wear off we wish to offer some evidence and facts to the contrary.

We have written to many of the people who have worked in his meetings in various places, remaining in the communities and watching the permanent results. The following answers to our communications should be all that is necessary to convince any fair-minded person that Mr. Sunday's work is permanent and the results will be evident not only through this generation, but for generations to follow.

The Great Masses Are Now Standing True. Remarkable in Permanence

March 30, 1909.

Mr. C. U. Williams.

I was pastor of the First Baptist church of Sharon, Pa., while William A. Sunday led the union movement there. He is the greatest preacher I ever listened to, the greatest religious general, I believe, that the world holds, and he is a manly man from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. The results of the movement were remarkable, in number 4755 making profession of Christ. They were remarkable in the classes reached, for business men and professional men of the most conservative type were reached, as well as the mill men. They are remarkable for the permanence of the results, for the great mass are now standing true. I consider William A. Sunday the greatest evangelist of the age.

Sincerely,

REV. A. F. PURKISS.

206 Additions to Church. After One Year 188 Still Active

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Mr. C. U. Williams.

DEAR SIR:—In answer to your letter of inquiry will say that on March 1, 1908, I received 206 members into the fellowship of our church as a result of the Sunday meetings. On March 7, 1909, I had an anniversary service and asked all those present who were received one year ago, to stand up, and about 150 stood. I could account for 28 who had been dismissed by letter during the year. I could account for ten others who were sick or working on the railroad. This to me was a splendid showing and proves that Rev. W. A. Sunday's work "holds out" as well as any evangelist's work I have had any experience with.

Yours truly,

U. S. DAVIS.

Pastor First Baptist Church.

Has Absolute Confidence in Mr. Sunday's Christian Character

ALEDO, ILL., April 1, 1909.

Mr. C. U. Williams.

I have often wondered, when reading the various character sketches of Rev. Sunday, what he, himself, thinks of them and whether, after he has read them all, he really feels that he is acquainted with himself.

This uncertainty acts as a brake on any impulse I might have to indulge in any fine-spun character analysis of him. I am therefore fully content to express my absolute confidence in his big, lovable, Christian character. I fail to see where anything else can possibly be in issue, for his power in the religious world is established. To this fact his enemies unintentionally pay tribute by the very intensity of their opposition.

I only wish that I might be able to present on the final day a life as religiously devoted as his.

HENRY E. BURGESS,

County Judge Mercer County.



The Opinion Reversed at Springfield

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., March 25, 1909.

Mr. C. U. Williams.

The Sunday meetings at Springfield are marvelous. A year ago Mr. Sunday was not in high favor in that city. His methods were not generally approved. His results were criticised. His sincerity was questioned. There was little interest in the object he sought to attain.

To-day, Springfield, from the police force to the legislature and executive, is at his feet.

Mr. Sunday recorded an old fashioned army musket indictment against the whole city and the great number of "pleas of guilty" that are coming in show the truth of the charge.

Church members have been awakened to Christian duty. Sinners have been brought to repentance. Men who have not seen the inside of a church for years have been converted. Lawyers, doctors, business men and politicians are convicted and publicly acknowledge that "Bill is right" and they are wrong. The governor has honored the movement, much to his credit, by his presence.

Nothing, that she has ever done, speaks so well for Springfield, as her inviting Mr. Sunday and his wonderful aggregation to come there.

R. L. FLEMING.

Sunday Sayings

Whiskey has a place and that place is in hell, and I'm going to try to give it a push to-day that'll send it into hell.



READY FOR A MORNING RIDE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Seventy-five per cent of our idiots came from drinking parents.

The saloon of Springfield is the sum of all villainies. It is the principal source of crime.

You whiskey gang, you've been cussing and damning me all up and down this land. Come on! Come on! I defy you to walk up and defy me to my face.

Y. W. C. A. Now Assured

THE matter of a Y.W. C. A. was brought into prominence at a meeting held at the First M. E. Church, March 29, led by Mrs. Muirhead.

It was a wonderful gathering. Springfield never saw the like of it before. There they were—the earnest, hard-working, toiling girls who are an important part of our municipal life and our city's progress. The great sanctuary was crowded with them, and their bright, hopeful eyes sparkled with delight as they surveyed the scene staged for their benefit, and for the one purpose of advancing their moral and material interests.

Mrs. Deneen sat upon the platform with Mrs. Muirhead, and was visibly impressed by the presence of so many girls and their hopeful expressions. It had not been planned for Mrs. Deneen to talk to the girls, but she was so interested she wished to say a few words to them. Much earnest applause greeted her, but there was a far more eloquent evidence of appreciation in those faces of the girls indicative of a flow of heart, of responsive sentiment, of deep, genuine sentiment in devotion to lofty ideals. Mrs. Deneen urged upon her hearers that she wanted to convince them that she was interested in them, and that she hoped the day would soon come when there would be a greater degree of co-operation between the members of her sex in Springfield for their general advancement spiritually as well as materially.

The response to the suggestion that they establish a Young Women's Christian Association in Springfield was spontaneous. When Mrs. Muirhead asked all to stand who were willing to pay a nominal fee into the general organization of the Y.W.C.A. and to make possible the organization of the association here, hardly a girl remained seated. Then Mrs. Muirhead asked them why they favored this organization. Many arose. There were many explanations, among them that they would have a place to go to during the noon hour, a place to go to lunch, a place to spend spare hours instead of on the streets or in a cheap place of amusement, etc. Many good reasons were advanced.



MRS. CHARLES S. DENEEN
Wife of the Governor of Illinois

The Sunday Converts Number One-third of Entire Membership, and Are Loyal

Mr. C. U. Williams.

March 30, 1909.

It gives me pleasure to express my opinion of the effects of the Sunday meetings in our city more than a year ago, as follows:

As president of the Ministerial Association of Bloomington I was very enthusiastic in our two-year-long endeavor to bring "Billy" Sunday and his efficient corps of workers to our city for special evangelistic meetings. Now, that over a year has elapsed since those memorable meetings I find my enthusiasm in no wise abated. We have had time to "try out" the new converts. Of the more than 3,000 that united with the sixteen churches, after the meetings, over 200 united with the church of which I am pastor. As a rule they have "made good;" and a large percentage of them are now fervently engaged in the Master's work, and are worthy examples in Christian devotion and church loyalty. These new converts, numbering one-third of our membership, show their sustained interest and fidelity by their church attendance, and support to the extent that more than one-third of the present supporters of the church locally, and more than one-third of the recent contributors to the Home and Foreign Missionary enterprises of the church are among this number.

Never has the city had such a moral and religious awakening, as during these meetings, the splendid effects of which are still felt. Never, in the history of Bloomington, has there been such unity of effort and splendid Christian fellowship, among the various churches here, as now. Never before have there been such large and efficient organizations of men in Bible and church work as at the present time. While the meetings did not accomplish all that we desired, yet they were so eminently beneficial to the community, to the churches, and to a vast number of families and individuals in the promotion and cultivation of godly and sober living, that it seems to me that no fair-minded Christian could regret, for one moment, the great religious campaign of last year.

Very sincerely yours,

R. CALVIN DOBSON,

Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Bloomington, Ill.

When He Is Done with a Community, Only Those Who Love Darkness Oppose

Mr. C. U. Williams.

The influence of a Sunday campaign is felt in every department of the life of the community. It promotes good citizenship; exalts the Book and the Christ; strengthens the backbone of Christians; makes drunkards sober; cleans the municipal life, and will last as long as time. Mr. Sunday is fair to all religious bodies and has learned the art of courtesy to all who preach the gospel. When he is done with a community only those who love darkness oppose.

RUSSELL F. THRAPP,

Chairman Executive Com. Jacksonville Campaign, October, 1908.

Thousands Converted. All Classes Reached, Both High and Low. Saloons Outlawed

OTTUMWA, IOWA, March 30, 1909.

Mr. C. U. Williams.

DEAR SIR:—I count it a privilege to state that I believe Rev. W. A. Sunday to be the greatest of living preachers, after having observed his work in two of my pastorates. It is one of the greatest privileges of a lifetime to go with him through a tabernacle campaign. The tabernacle meetings are a theological laboratory where one may not only hear things but see them accomplished in the name of Christ. While other preachers may be as consecrated as he they have not the gigantic powers of mind and heart and body to lay upon the altar for the Lord of hosts. He has the ability to see the truth, not only as it is in the Bible, but also as it is in men and in their institutions, and having organized the facts into a tremendous gospel sermon, he hurls it with such might that both high and low are moved by the thousands to life and service in Christ. He is not a reckless speaker, but rather most sensitive to all of the finer feelings in man, while at the same time he shows himself to be a giant foe of all forms of evil wherever found. He speaks in the words, phrases, and terms which the people understand, and uses them only as the channel of truth and purity. Thousands of converted and refreshed souls, the united forces of righteousness and the outlawed saloons are some of the manifest fruits of his labors in Ottumwa. I am a much better preacher since I have worked with him.

Sincerely,

W. H. HORMEL.

Daily Prayer Meetings

During this great campaign, one of the most important and forceful features were the Cottage Prayer Meetings. Under the direction of the chairman of this committee, Rev. Inman, these meetings were brought to a success both in numbers and attendance, and there were hundreds of homes in the community thrown open to prayer meetings that had never before been offered for such a purpose.

There were weekly meetings at the executive mansion, and they proved a great success in every sense of the word, Governor and Mrs. Deneen cheerfully threw open their residence for this purpose every Wednesday, and the attendance and influence were very marked and notable. The influence and endorsement in this campaign by the Governor and his wife have been highly appreciated by the Christian people of the community and state. These meetings were led by Mrs. Sunday, Mrs. Muirhead, Miss Miller, and others.

These Cottage Prayer Meetings were attended by as many as 1,500 people in one day. This is quite remarkable, when the duties of all who attended these meetings are considered.

The Springfield Organization

William A. Sunday is above all else the prophet of the Lord to the church today. God's message to him as it was to Isaiah, is: "Cry aloud! Spare not! Lift up thy voice like a trumpet, show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." And he does this as no other man, and the Holy Ghost uses him and honors his obedience.

Mr. Sunday's chief work is to overturn the low, false standards of righteousness, which a worldly church has adopted, and to set up *God's* standard of righteousness. In so doing he must use a plainness of speech that naturally shocks over-nice people, but this ruggedness of speech is a necessity. He impresses me as a sincere, faithful, consecrated man of God.

S. W. THORNTON, D.D.
*Pastor Kumler M.E. Church.
Pres. Ministerial Ass'n.*



S. W. THORNTON, D. D.

Sunday Sayings

The dance brings vice and virtue in such a grip that virtue is powerless.

Any man on earth knows that it will do a girl no harm to keep away from a ball room.

It's enough to make a man catch cold to look at the costumes worn in a fashionable ball room.

Do you go to the dance with your wife? You see man after man claim her and you stand there and watch your wife folded in his long, voluptuous, sensual embrace, their bodies swaying one against the other, their limbs twining and intertwining, her head resting on his breast, and you stand there and tell me there is no harm in it.



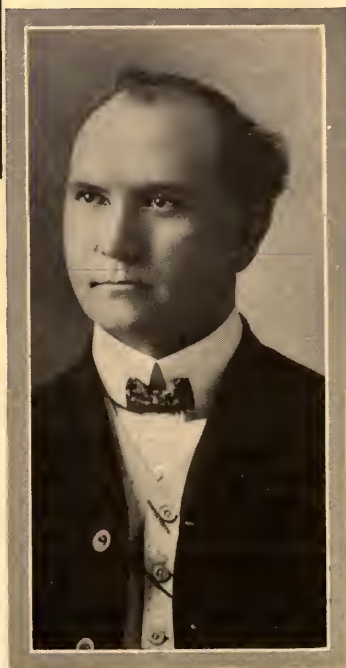
G. A. HULETT

Evangelist Sunday and party have given me the greatest inspiration of my life. They are God-sent servants of inestimable value to Springfield. Watch co-operation for righteousness continue to grow in Springfield. Just study the results in the Capital City and other "Sunday towns" in Illinois.

IRVING E. SPAULDING,
Chief Usher.

I have never listened to a more earnest and fearless speaker than Mr. Sunday. His success is due to his honest conviction, his setting forth the truth as laid down in the New Testament and his courage to tell the truth to all peoples at all times. Some men tell only a part of the truth, but Mr. Sunday tells the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He talks to men as no man ever talked, and it carries conviction to men's hearts because he tells them the truth. His work in Springfield would be a great success if he had no converts at all—just for the moral uplift to the city that would follow. His preaching causes people to think along moral lines and brings them to a realization of their own religious needs.

G. A. HULETT,
Chair. Music Committee.



L. H. WILLIAMS
Pastor South Seventh St. Baptist Church

The only disappointment we have had in Mr. Sunday's work is that we didn't know. The half has never been told. We cannot tell it. You must hear him and see the results to know.

God knows, and if He knows and cares about what has been done here under conditions different from what Mr. Sunday has ever before experienced, there surely is a place waiting for him "over there." Such grit and such determination as he has shown has made the impossible, possible and apparent failure, glorious success.

He is a wonderful man and an example of what can be done with right and God lined up together. His plans are wonderful in the details and his organization is made perfect by the helpers with which he surrounds himself. His individuality is apparent everywhere and he appeals to men and gets them and holds them. Springfield Christians honor and praise him for what he has done for us and are praying that he will overcome his physical ailments which have almost brought about a collapse, and that he will be spared to do the Master's work for many, many years to come. The world needs him.

Sincerely yours,

GUY I. COLBY,
Secretary Executive Committee.



GUY I. COLBY

Secretary Executive Committee

Nine-tenths of the gambling done today is done by cards.

The Christian's home is the gambler's kindergarten.

Cards are society's contribution to the penitentiary, the scaffold and hell.

Eighty million dollars changes hand every day through gambling.

Progressive euchre means progressive steps to hell.

I believe that more people in the state lose their religion over cards and the dance than over the saloon.

As long as the dancers will do as they do, Bill will be there to talk about them.

A man has got to be pretty old when he cannot enjoy a good hug.



W. A. PAVEY

In my opinion Mr. W. A. Sunday is one of the greatest men on the American platform today and his influence for good in Springfield will be felt twenty years hence.

JOHN E. GEORGE,
Treas. Ministerial Ass'n.

Rev. W. A. Sunday will impress anyone who hears him with the fact that he is terribly in earnest—that he believes thoroughly in the doctrine which he preaches. The keynote of his great power with men is that he has great power with God. Mr. Sunday is the greatest soul-winner of modern times. Mr. Sunday is an actor, an orator, a scholar, a profound thinker and one of the most finished artists ever seen in the pulpit.

W. A. PAVEY,
Chairman Exec. Com.



JOHN E. GEORGE



FRANK T. KUHL
Chairman Entertainment Committee

I consider Rev. W. A. Sunday a genius of the highest order, an expert in winning men to Christ, and the most successful evangelist on this continent. He is certainly God's chosen instrument and a great reformer as well as evangelist.

C. P. MASDEN,
Pastor First M. E. Church.

I believe Mr. Sunday is chosen of God, baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, and his trust in His Maker makes him fearless to preach the truth without compromise.

FRANK T. KUHL,
Chair. Entertainment Com.



REV. C. P. MASDEN
Pastor First M. E. Church

A man of contrasts;
January and June, Niag-
ara and Lake Placid,
Vesuvius vomiting lava,
now raining daffodils,
judgment incarnate, mer-
ciful and mild like the
Nazarene, as slangy as
a hobo, as chaste as Ad-
dison, Billy the ball-
tossor, the Reverend
William A. Sunday, the
holy man of God. Ver-
ily a man of contrasts.

EÜCLID B. ROGERS,

*Pastor Central Baptist
Church, Springfield,
Ill.*



EÜCLID B. ROGERS

Mr. Sunday is in a class by himself. No one can be compared to him. He is the Mt. Everest towering high above all the surrounding peaks. He stands up among the mountains of God, and with a majestic sweep, he reaches down into the quagmires of iniquity and men and women are snatched away and donned in the garments of righteousness. Every man and woman who loves decency in Springfield is with him. He is doing a great work here. Sin is toppling on its throne, and if the Christian people would work as hard as he does, I believe there would not be one left to advocate the cause of the devil.

O. O. INMAN,

*Pastor United Brethren Church
Chairman of Prayer Meeting
Committee.*



O. O. INMAN.

I have now worked with Mr. Sunday through two meetings, so I feel that I know him and his work. He is a preacher of righteousness, and his voice is heard against sin and for a better life. He stirs the consciences of men as no other man I have ever heard. He hurls the truths directly at men, and knowing men he hits them where they are living wrong. Under his preaching men quit their wickedness, and live a cleaner life. He drives the church members to a higher life and many begin active work in the church following his meeting, who before did but little for the Master.

A meeting led by him does two things: It produces a revival in the churches, and a reformation within the city. In fact, he brings about the very thing he says is his purpose, "to make it easier for men to do right, and harder for men to do wrong."

I am glad to have labored with him in two meetings.

J. R. GOLDEN,
Pastor West Side Christian Church.



J. R. GOLDEN

Mr. Sunday is in a class to himself. There is none other "just as good." Inquirers should ask for the original and accept no substitute. He makes good. His work will abide.

F. W. BURNHAM,
Pastor First Christian Church.



F. W. BURNHAM

Mr. Sunday is more than a great preacher, more than a great evangelist; he is a great reformer. And just as in the days of Ahab, Elijah appeared to recall Israel from Baal to Jehovah, and in the days of Tiberius Cæsar, John appeared to call God's people from dead formalism to repentance in preparation for the Coming One, and in a later day Savonarola appeared as a power for righteousness in a corrupt age, so in these days of greed and graft and vice in the world, and of worldliness and formalism and skepticism in the church, there is a man sent from God, and his name is Sunday.

D. G. CARSON, D. D.



REV. D. G. CARSON

Pastor Fourth Presbyterian Church



REV. GILBERT W. CLAXON

Pastor Elliott Ave. Baptist Church

It has never been my privilege to be in such a religious campaign as the one now being waged in Springfield. I set no limit on the final results. As it now appears in the fourth week of the meeting this will be the greatest meeting of W. A. Sunday's evangelistic career up to the present. In my judgment Mr. Sunday has no equal in the evangelistic field in this country. He courts no man because he holds financial or political power, which is no doubt one evil that has crept into modern church circles. To Mr. Sunday there is one book, the Bible, the inspired word of God; one Saviour, Jesus Christ, one way to be saved—by the blood of the crucified, buried and risen Christ.

GILBERT W. CLAXON,

Elliott Ave. Baptist Church.

Great Music at Tabernacle March 21



While Sunday and the cause which he represents were the two big factors in drawing the thousands to the tabernacle night after night and day in and day out, it is certain that hundreds attended the services more for the pleasure they derive from listening to the selections of the magnificent chorus choir and the soloists. Chorister Fischer's ability as a trainer of voices has been proven beyond a doubt and the skill he has shown in getting the singers, representatives of the churches, who never had sung together before, is a thing which is amazing. He showed wonderful control in the leadership of that mighty throng and each day showed marked progress and a proportionate degree of pleasure in hearing the choir sing. Mr. Ackley, presiding at the piano, is a big factor in Fischer's success. He tickles the ivories up in the clouds and thunders down on the base notes with a touch that is delightful and his accompaniments are exceptional.

The climax, however, was reserved for the night meeting. Responding nobly to the leadership of Chorister Fischer, the chorus choir, 700 voices strong, rendered Sullivan's "The Lost Chord" in a manner which evidenced careful drill and extended and persevering study. Probably never in the history of the city has a chorus of such magnitude appeared before the public.

Those fortunate enough to hear the anthem, declare that never, anywhere, did such a chorus render

such a song more effectively. The volume of song as it was lifted on the climax of Sullivan's masterpiece was soul-inspiring. The mighty throng swayed under the leader's baton with supreme unanimity and the closing measures were rendered in a manner which brought forth deafening applause from every portion of the tabernacle.

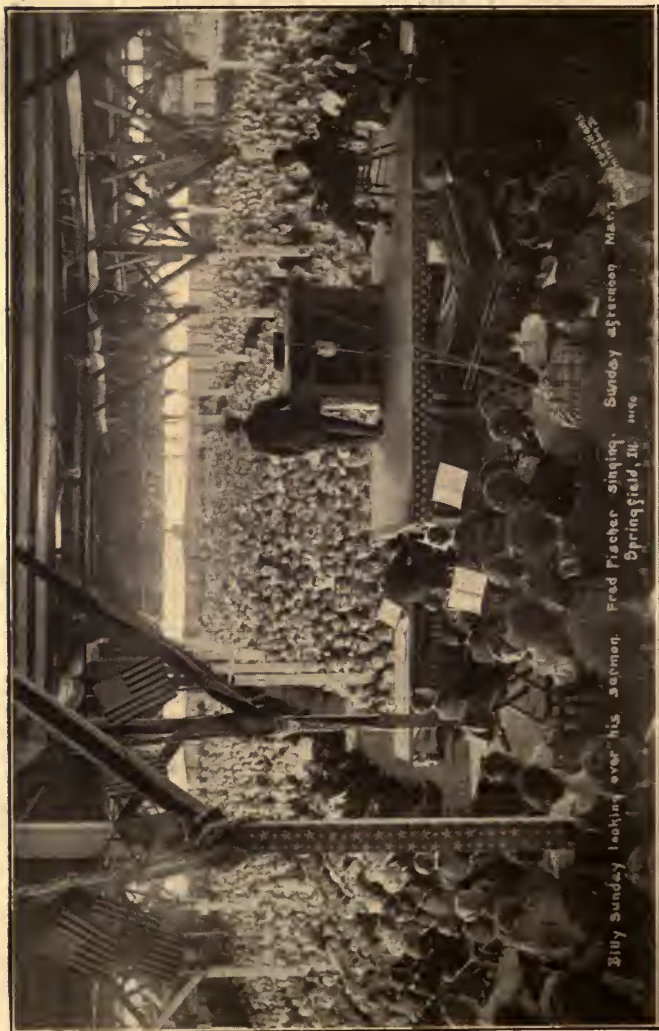
Just prior to the sermon Mr. Butler, in response to a request of a traveling-man, who by chance was in the city, and who had heard him sing the song years ago, sang "The Sparrow Song." Although sung several times since the meetings opened, the song has lost not a whit of its popularity and Mr. Butler was applauded loudly as he finished.



REV. WILLARD N. TOBIE
Pastor Douglas Avenue M. E. Church

Sunday Sayings

Put your hand in the fire and it will get burned. Monkey with sin and you must also pay the penalty.



Billy Sunday looking over his sermon. Fred Fischer singing. Sunday afternoon, March 7, 1909. Springfield, Ill.

8000 ASSEMBLED FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON SERVICE, MARCH 7, 1909

Sin never pays anybody.

Cards and dancing are worse enemies of the church than the saloon. I hate the saloon—good God, how I hate 'em—but the church loses more members through the influence of cards and dancing than by the saloon.

Conversions

The number actually converted through the instrumentality of these meetings will never be known. It is not confined to Springfield alone. The influence is felt thousands of miles and there have been people gloriously converted through reading reports of this campaign.

The total number of conversions to date, April 8, is 3,261. The probability is they will reach 4,500 or more. These are simply the ones recorded in the meetings, and by no means indicate the total.

Of the outside influence of these meetings, Rev. Leo L. Trotter says, and it is just as true of Springfield as Spokane:

First, they have demonstrated that revival meetings are a good thing, a popular thing, a worthy thing for men to engage in. As far as the attention of the surrounding country is concerned these meetings have been the biggest thing of the season. Bigger than state fairs, corn shows, or anything of the kind.

Second, these meetings have turned the popular thing along religious lines, arousing discussions and promoting interest therein.

Third, numbers have attended and in the meetings have been aroused to a white heat in religious enthusiasm. Many who were not Christians have become so.

Fourth, Billy Sunday has established precedent for plain and pungent preaching.

Fifth, It has taught the preachers to preach in the popular tongue, in the language of the street and the shop and the mill.

We all say, "God bless the Sunday meetings."



REV. F. H. GIVEN
Pastor Third Presbyterian Church



MR. G. H. SCHANBACHER
Chairman House Committee



IRVING E. SPAULDING
Chief Usher



GEORGE E. COE
Chairman Finance Committee

The Tabernacle

This immense building was built especially for the campaign at a cost of about \$5,000, with a seating capacity of 8,000 people in the main auditorium, the choir seating more than 800 in addition.

This building in size is about 200 feet square, and was built under the direction of Architect Gill, whose vast experience in building structures of this kind is distinctly shown in each appointment. The seats were so arranged that the entire 9,000 people are in a position to see the speaker's platform without any difficulty, and the acoustic properties are marvelous. There were frequently 10,000 people packed in this structure, and the speaker could easily be heard in each corner.

The choir, seating nearly 1,000, behind the platform and the thousands in front, presented from the platform a vast sea of human faces on every side, an inspiring sight that never will be forgotten.

The construction of this particular tabernacle is nearer perfection than any of the previous ones built for a similar campaign. The entrances to the choir were numerous and separate from the main entrance. The seats were remarkably comfortable. The heat and ventilation was infinitely better than many of the permanent structures.

In all probability there is no other place in the state of Illinois where so many people crowded for six consecutive weeks as did in this Springfield tabernacle. Some of the big days it is estimated that 28,000 people attended the meetings, to say nothing about the thousands that could not be admitted, and were taken care of at the overflow meetings.

Attendance

There have been various estimates as to the number attending the meetings of this great campaign, and the figures that we herewith offer are as nearly accurate as is possible to obtain:

March 7—28,000.

March 14—30,200.

March 21—37,000.

March 28—38,550.

April 4—44,000.

April 11—46,000.

The total attendance up until April 8 had been conservatively estimated at 520,000. Besides these figures there were myriads of people unable to gain admittance.

Fred Seibert has said that some of the people were there trying to get in as early as 5:30 a. m. Sunday mornings in order to assure them of a seat, and others would try and remain in the building during the entire day in order to be sure of a seat for the evening service.

Men's Meetings

We will not try to furnish any adequate description of these meetings. It would require the pen of the poet and the seer, the philosopher and scientist, the theologian and moralist, the statistician and philanthropist, and then the report would fall far short of giving a creditable account.

At these meetings for men, the enthusiasm ran high and the conviction deep as the evangelist volleyed the truth in real masculine style at the vices and virtues of men.

Men traveled hundreds of miles to get to these meetings and failed to gain admittance. Scenes indescribable in and outside the tabernacle took place



REV. J. F. MCAULLY
Pastor Laurel M. E. Church



REV. W. J. JOHNSON
Pastor First Congregational Church



REV. J. M. SMALLEY

at these services. Men of all classes, from all quarters, touched elbows and listened attentively to the burning logic and facts of the evangelist.

Mr. Sunday is most powerful with men and he never appears to better advantage than when he is before 10,000 men. In these meetings he would frequently lay aside coat, vest, collar, tie, cuffs and suspenders, roll up his sleeves, as though preparing for a race or ball game, and even then, he would soak with perspiration every stitch remaining on him.

The power and inspiration of these meetings was indescribable. Men of all grades yielded and sought Christ and determined by the hundreds to live better lives.

Women's Meetings

Almost as remarkable as the meetings for men were these women meetings. They were conducted entirely by the women, usually led by Mrs. Muirhead, who has a distinct individuality, force and tact in conducting such a meeting. Women ushers seated the 6,000 to 8,000 who assembled for these meetings, and long before the hour for the service to begin, the street would be packed with eager crowds. In many cases, thousands were turned away unable to gain entrance.

These meetings were frequently held in the Armory, which was only a block from the tabernacle, a very commodious building, well equipped for the purpose. The leader was able to make herself heard to the vast audiences that

REV. J. H. LEMKAU
Pastor German M. E. Church

usually assembled. The plain truths were laid before them in a most forceful manner.

Collections

March	7—	\$ 496.00
March	14—	3715.25
March	21—	1021.62
March	28—	508.46
April	4—	715.17

The above figures pertain to these dates only, and were for current events of the meetings, such as building tabernacle, printing matter, lights, and incidental expenses. The total amount of the collections for this purpose to date, April 8, amounting to \$9,483.83.



THOMAS D. LOGAN
Pastor First Presbyterian Church

He preaches to the conscience, and his stirring appeals produce conviction of sin, and inspire a determined purpose to lead a better life.

THOS. D. LOGAN,
Pastor of First Presbyterian Church.



REV. WM. H. NICHOLAS
Pastor Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church

I first heard Mr. Sunday in Fort Wayne, Ind., when he was with Dr. J. W. Chapman. I liked his work then and have since followed his career with sympathy and increasing admiration. He has been a growing man, because his heart was in his work and he has toiled unceasingly. He has climbed, by force of talent and by dint of hard work, to the apex of evangelistic success. He is a prince among preachers, a master of eloquence, a convincing advocate, a consummate general. The results of his labors are little less than marvelous. In my opinion there is no greater evangelist.

E. E. FRAME,
Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church.



REV. E. E. FRAME



REV. P. J. MARSILJE

Before Rev. W. A. Sunday came to Springfield, Ill., I had very great expectations of him; he has surpassed them all. Though not able to accept all that he says or approve all the methods which he uses, I have learned to love him as a conscientious ambassador of the cross of Jesus Christ; for, he is no respecter of persons or class of persons; he exposes and rebukes the sins of all alike, of Christians and of non-Christians; he labors to save the *souls* of men, regardless of who or what the men may be; he preaches Christ and Him crucified, and salvation from sin through repentance and confession of sins and through personal, saving faith in Christ, the Son of God.

He is another John the Baptist, preparing the way for the *second* coming of the Christ.

P. J. MARSILJE,
Pastor of Fifth Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Ill.

Sunday Sayings

If you weigh want and misery and poverty, squalor, crime, tears, wrecked lives and blighted hopes in scales with a few dirty dollars from the whiskey business you are too dirty and low down for me.

The saloon is the stem around which gather all the festering vices of the country.

The saloon is a coward, shielding behind stained glass and screens.



HENRY H. HANSEN
Secretary Y. M. C. A.

The Sunday saloon is running open in defiance of the law.

The deadliest foe of church, of home, of state, is the open licensed saloon. It gives you a free pass to hell.

The Reisch brewery and grog shops of Springfield have been running Springfield long enough.



C. C. SINCLAIR
Pastor First Christian Church

Sunday Sayings

The farmers! You say they won't come to town to trade if there are no saloons! Then why does NOT your legislature pass a county option bill and let the farmers vote with you on the saloon issue? The old whiskey gang are afraid of the farmer vote. They lie when they say they are for the saloon in the interest of the farmer. The old jackass lies and you know it.



REV. A. P. HIGLEY
Chairman Personal Work

You might as well try to regulate a powder mill in hell as to try to regulate the open licensed saloon.

Shut off the dirty business and then we can mop up the awful results of the saloon.

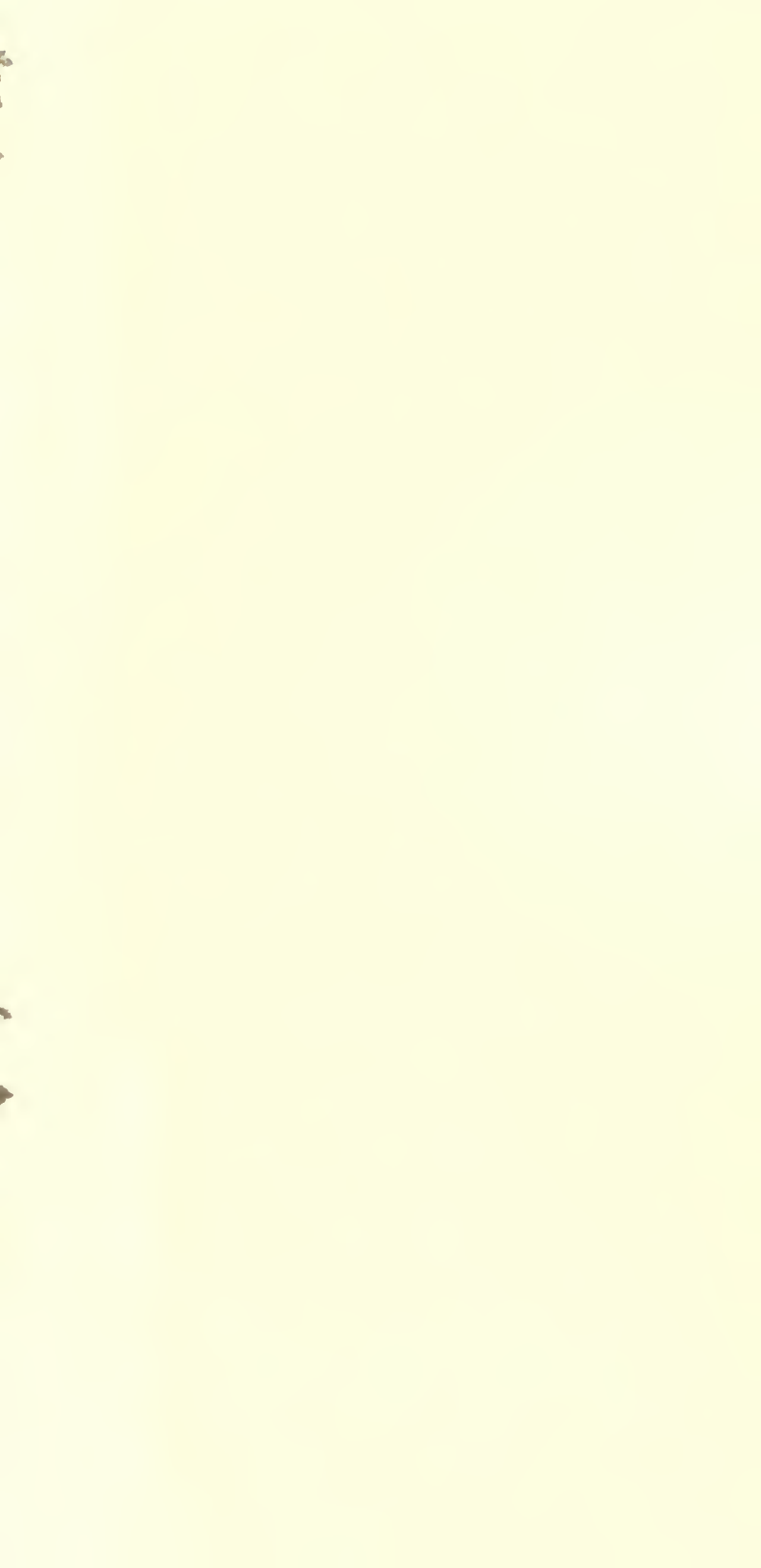
Go to the saloon if you want to learn all the evils of the day.



S. A. BULLARD
Chairman Building Committee

Through reading
Newspaper accounts of the
“Billy Sunday Meetings”
there have been many
conversions in distant States.
Help spread the work by
mailing a copy of this report
to friends not so
favored as you.

*On receipt of 28c in stamps,
Publishers will mail a copy to
any address.*



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REV. W.A. SUNDAY MEETINGS AT SPRINGFIELD



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